

# THE STAR

*An International Magazine*



## PARTIAL CONTENTS

Truth in Limitation

J. Krishnamurti

Stars and Sparks

Margaret E. Cousins, B. Mus.

In the Greenwood

Mae Van Norman Long

First Find Your Goal

Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D.

*Special Ojai Camp Number*

JULY, 1929

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS





# *The Star*

MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHENER,  
*Editor*

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THE STAR is associated with certain magazines having similar aims appearing in the following countries:

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## PURPOSE

To assist in creating order out of the centuries of chaos and a true and harmonious understanding of life.

## POLICY

1. THE STAR will deal with the problems and the expressions of life. It seeks to cultivate originality and uniqueness in all domains of thought and thereby create a synthetic understanding of life.
2. THE STAR welcomes articles on Sociology, Religion, Education, Psychology, Art, and related subjects.
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# T·H·E S·T·A·R

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H, REJOICE!

There is thunder among the mountains  
And long shadows lie across the green  
face of the valley.

The rains  
Bring forth green shoots  
Out of the dead stumps of yesterday.  
High among the rocks  
An eagle is building his nest.

All things are great with life.  
Oh, friend,  
Life fills the world.  
You and I are in eternal union.

Life is as the waters  
That feed the kings and the beggars alike—  
The golden vessel for the king,  
For the beggar the potter's vessel  
Which breaks to pieces at the fountain.  
Each holds the vessel as dear.

There is loneliness,  
The fear of solitude,  
The ache of a dying day,  
The sorrow of a passing cloud.

Life destitute of love,  
Wanders from house to house,  
And none to declare its loveliness.  
Out of the granite rock  
Is fashioned a graven image  
Which men hold sacred,  
But tread the rock on the way  
That leads to the temple.

Oh, friend,  
Life fills the world.  
You and I are in eternal union.

—J. Krishnamurti.

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DOES the raindrop hold in its fullness  
The raging stream,  
Or the sparkling waters of a deep mountain lake?  
Does the full raindrop in its loneliness  
Feed the solitary tree on the hill?  
Does the full raindrop in its great descent  
Create the sweet sound of many waters?  
Does the full raindrop in its pureness  
Quench the aching thirst?

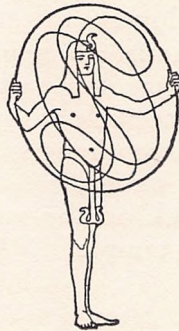
I am singing the song of Life.  
In that song,  
O friend,  
There is neither you nor I  
But Life which is the Beloved of all.

It is the unwise who chase the shadow  
Of self in Life,  
And Life eludes them  
For they wander in the ways of bondage.

Wherefore the struggle in loneliness of great division,  
For in Life there is neither you nor I.

—J. Krishnamurti.

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# *Truth in Limitation\**

By J. Krishnamurti



THE sacred water of the Ganga may be gathered and contained in a little vessel, and that water is carried to distant parts of India and carefully treasured, worshipped and enshrined. But the eternal waters of the Ganga continue their ceaseless flow from moment to moment. They are free, unconditioned, and constantly moving towards the sea. As the potter's vessel, which holds a part of the sacred water, may be broken to pieces, so he who worships the conditioned, the limited Truth, who holds dear to his heart a partial truth and not the whole Truth, will find that therein lies corruption, decay, and sorrow.

Every man is creating a shadow for his comfort in a fragment of truth instead of seeking the whole Truth, its transcendence and purity. Those who seek shelter in the limited truth, have taken to their hearts gurus and teachers. However great the guru may be, he is not the whole; however noble the teacher, he is still a limitation. As in the waters of the Ganga that are held in small vessels and worshipped, there is corruption and pollution, so for the seekers of comfort who desire to worship the part and not the whole, there is sorrow; but for him who worships the whole there is no sorrow—no transitory illusions. For the way of Truth is the way of the Beloved within.

As one petal does not contain the whole life of the lotus, and withers and decays when torn away from the flower, so for him who worships a partial truth, instead of the whole Truth, there is also decay. The part can be corrupted, whereas in the whole all things grow and receive new life. A partial truth can seemingly for a time protect and guide, but the whole Truth is the only real guide, the only real friend. The part can and will for the moment satisfy the desires of the seeker, but if he would attain the Beloved which is the Truth, he must set aside those things which he has so gained. If he desires to walk on the direct path—the path which leads to the Beloved, the path which leads to the whole where there is no corruption, the path which is life itself—he must be in love with all life and not with part of life, in love with the whole flower rather than with a petal. If he worships the part, he will meet confusion, the strife of gurus, the conflict of philosophies, religions, beliefs, and dogmas. Whereas if he worships the whole Truth, which is the Beloved, there will be no conflict, for then he will be worshipping life itself.



In order to tread that path, to attain the Beloved, to fulfil life, he must never stay his search, he must never take to his heart the momentary comforts of partial truths.

I would show the way to the whole Truth, to the heart of the Beloved, for I have attained it. At first I worshipped the petal, I worshipped the various idols, the graven images that are sheltered in temples; at first I took to my heart that which was near, because I was afraid of the far-away, mysterious, fleeting vision of the eternal. I took to my heart that which was pleasing, smooth, deceptive. As the mountain is mysterious to the valley, so the whole Truth was mysterious to me. I did not realize that the part was contained in the whole, and that in rejecting the whole I was creating confusion for myself. But as I had great desires, I was urged by sorrow, by doubt, and by faith, until I realized that he who would find the way to the Beloved, must not take shelter in the limited, but must seek and worship the whole Truth. Because with a conditioned mind you cannot see the whole—the free, the unlimited—you take to yourself the conditioned. And because the conditioned truth becomes a crutch to support you, that crutch holds you and weakens you. In order to dispense with all crutches, you must invite sorrow, you must invite doubt. Sorrow gives the perfume of understanding, and when you have understanding you will no longer seek the shelters wherein lie confusion and chaos.

If you take to your heart the vision of the goal and allow no mediator to blot out that vision, there will be certainty of purpose, surety of attainment. Through constant rejection of things that have no value, you will not be caught up in the controversies of beliefs, or professional faiths and passing unrealities. Compromise in small things if you will, but never compromise with Truth.

Worship the Truth itself which is life in each one, and there discover the Beloved. Let life in its fullness give you of its experience. Open the doors to the unconditioned Truth, for therein lies the only certainty, the only direct way of attainment. All other paths lead to a betrayal of the Truth.

People throughout the world have attempted to condition Truth, which cannot be limited; to narrow it down, to create beliefs around it, and thus have betrayed it. Out of that betrayal they have created religions, confusion, strife, competition, and a struggle of one against another. "I want you to hold my beliefs and you want me to hold your beliefs. Your teacher seems to you greater than mine, and mine seems to me greater than yours." That is the thought of most people. Everyone wants the conditioned to be accepted, and one part competes against another part, whereas the way to the Beloved, which is life, is by fulfilling that life which is the whole and not by worshipping the part.

The Beloved is life, but if you worship that life in its conditioned form, there will always be struggle, uncertainty, and strife. Whereas



if you worship the unconditioned life, which is free and without limitation, you will need no mediator, for life itself will be your guide and your guru, and then you will find that you yourself are the guru, are the Beloved.

While I worshipped conditioned truth, while I adhered to unessential things, there was always doubt and uncertainty in my mind, and I wanted others also to come into my particular cage of limitation. From one conditioned truth to another conditioned truth, from one limitation to another limitation I went, till I perceived that the perfume is contained in the whole lotus and not in any one petal. I escaped from my limitation and breathed the air of freedom; I took to my heart the whole rather than the part, and realized life itself. And so I became the Beloved. For him who has attained, who has caught that vision of the Beloved in the face of life, there is neither strife nor struggle, neither condition nor limitation, neither guru nor disciple, there is only life. He is in love with life, because he has seen the face of the Beloved.

The understanding of life is in the discovery of the source and the goal, and in the wide chasm which lies between, you will find the Beloved.

---

## *Tree Talk Overheard*

By James H. Cousins

(When in the woods I musing walk  
I sometimes hear arboreal talk.  
As thus:)

Come not across my bound,  
O friend! with hands that stretch and  
    strain.  
Love has its own appointed ground,  
Though blessed with common sun and  
    rain.

Your branch, though feathered as the  
    dove,  
Would barricade the light from me;  
And your soft-scattered leaves of love  
Would round my roots a burden be.

Nor shall my quivering arms invade  
Your peace with laughter or with moan,  
Or cast across your place of shade  
A shadow other than its own.

You in your portion, I in mine,  
Must grow alone in rain and sun:  
But Oh! where root and root entwine,  
We in the dark deep earth are one!

# Supplement



## Ojai Star Camp

May 27 to June 3, 1929

### GENERAL PROGRAM

#### Monday, May 27

Morning ..... Arrivals  
12:00-1:30 ..... Luncheon  
Afternoon ..... Arrivals  
5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire

#### Tuesday, May 28

5:00-7:00 A. M. .... Baths  
7:15 A. M. .... Meditation  
7:30-9:00 A. M. .... Breakfast  
10:00 A. M. .... Krishnaji Opens Camp  
12:00-1:30 P. M. .... Luncheon  
3:00 P. M. .... Business Meeting  
5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire

#### Wednesday, May 29

5:00-7:00 A. M. .... Baths  
7:15 A. M. .... Meditation  
7:30-9:00 A. M. .... Breakfast  
10:00 A. M. .... Discussion  
12:00-1:30 P. M. .... Luncheon  
3:00 P. M. .... Entertainment—  
Ojai Valley School Children  
5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire

#### Thursday, May 30

5:00-7:00 A. M. .... Baths  
7:15 A. M. .... Meditation  
7:30-9:00 A. M. .... Breakfast  
10:00 A. M. .... Questions and Answers  
12:00-1:30 P. M. .... Luncheon  
3:00 P. M. .... Free  
5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire  
Occidental interpretation of Oriental  
Music by Mr. Henry Eicheim. Illus-  
trated by Mrs. Eicheim.

#### Friday, May 31

5:00-7:00 A. M. .... Baths  
7:15 A. M. .... Meditation  
7:30-9:00 A. M. .... Breakfast  
10:00 A. M. .... Talk by Krishnaji  
12:00-1:30 P. M. .... Luncheon  
3:00 P. M. .... Excursions  
5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire

#### Saturday, June 1

5:00-7:00 A. M. .... Baths  
7:15 A. M. .... Meditation  
7:30-9:00 A. M. .... Breakfast  
10:00 A. M. .... Questions and Answers  
12:00-1:30 P. M. .... Luncheon  
3:00 P. M. .... Entertainment  
5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire

#### Sunday, June 2

5:00-7:00 A. M. .... Baths  
7:15 A. M. .... Meditation  
7:30-9:00 A. M. .... Breakfast  
10:00 A. M. .... Symposium  
12:-1:30 P. M. .... Luncheon  
3:30 P. M. .... Open to Public

¶Bach Singers.

¶Lecture by Krishnaji.

¶Dance by Ruth St. Denis—Inter-  
pretation of some of Krishnaji's  
Poems.

5:45-7:00 P. M. .... Dinner  
8:00 P. M. .... Camp Fire

#### Monday, June 3

11:45-1:45 P. M. .... Luncheon  
Departures



# The Ojai Star Camp

May 27th to June 3rd, 1929



ABOUT seven hundred visitors gathered at Star Camp in the Ojai Valley on May 27th to attend the second American Star Camp Congress. They came from all parts of the world, the majority from America, Canada, South America, Sandwich Islands, and Cuba. There were several visitors also from New Zealand, Austria, India, Java, Burma, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, and Mexico.

It was a truly delightful experience to clasp hands with those who have heretofore been known only because united with us in the ideals of our hearts and minds, also to meet once more those from nearer climes, friends whom we cherish but meet rarely.

The love and gratitude of those present was expressed to Krishnamurti for the wealth of wisdom that flowed from his lips during many long day-meetings and at the evening Camp Fires.

Thanks for the success of the Camp also poured in rich measure to the Camp Management, Mr. D. Rajagopal, Mr. Zalk, Mr. Hall, and Dr. Ingelman; also to all the workers, volunteers who labored unceasingly, devotedly, and joyously in the many departments. These were under the skillful direction of Mrs. George Hall, Mrs. Myrtle McCormick, Mrs. John Ingelman, and Mrs. Florence Shupp. The well-prepared food seemed to taste better because impregnated with the happiness of those who prepared it; and the sea of china certainly glistened more fully, since it reflected the glad faces of the ones who kept it spotless. It was an amazing sight to see the truckloads of vegetables and fruits made ready for the hundreds who enjoyed them. To give an idea of the quantities of things required, one witnessed the tempting result of twenty-two dozen eggs in *one* snowy dessert for dinner. As for the greatly-in-demand ice

cream, that was always perfect—just the “Wright” kind.

The hospital, under the direction of the competent Dr. Zuber, reported few illnesses, and there were only two or three minor accidents.

Mrs. Glen Ellison arranged delightful musical hours, and Miss Beatrice Wood presented three clever dramatic diversions. Miss Florence Gill managed most efficiently the difficulties of publicity.

Others were no less efficient in the following departments:

Transportation, Mr. S. W. Williams; General Information Suggestions, Mr. C. H. Wagoner; Announcements, Robert Logan; Registration, Miss Hazel Crowe; Stores—Canteen, Mr. Louis B. Cassell; Order—Police, Mr. George H. Ragan; Sanitation, Mr. R. F. Goudey; Communications (Post-Office—Telegrams), Mr. W. H. Mayes; Program, Mrs. D. Rajagopal; Recreation, Mrs. Muriel Lauder Lewis; Children, Mrs. Chester Green; General Service, Mr. Eugene Munson; Book Shop, Miss Thelma Morrison; *Star Magazine*, Mrs. Hotchener; *International Star Bulletin*, Miss Maude McCauley.

The weather could not have been more ideal if it had been specially arranged for by the Management, who seemed able to plan everything to perfection.

Many additional details of the Camp Congress are given in the several articles on other pages, so let us pass to the consideration of some of the meetings. There will be no attempt to report these fully or sequentially. The full program is printed on another page of this magazine.

At 10 A. M. Tuesday, May 28th, Krishnamurti formally opened the Camp. The following are brief notes of some of the highest high-lights of his inspiring address on that occasion. As it and other of his addresses will be published in full by him, we are permitted to give only a few quotations from them.



The Editor, realizing how eager are the many readers of *The Star* in all parts of America to hear Krishnamurti's latest pronouncements, will print only the few

*verbatim* extracts permitted by his publishers, adding to them a personal summary in her own words of other parts of these same illuminating addresses:

## Opening of Star Camp

Krishnamurti:

"I should like to say how really glad I am that so many people have been able to come to this Camp, and I hope that every year the attendance will increase, because this is the only opportunity I have of meeting people and getting to understand them and their trying to understand me. I can't go over the whole of America because it would be too exhausting. . . . So I hope that every Camp will increase and that many people from America will be able to come either here to California or in the east near Philadelphia where they are trying to arrange a Camp.

"I want this morning to talk rather seriously, so I hope that you will consider what I say seriously, especially with that seriousness which is unaffected, which means that you must think logically, impersonally, and to the point; that is, to be direct, to be simple, and have the desire to understand.

"I would like to ask why you have come to the Camp. As you cannot answer me, I will answer for you. You have come from many parts of America, first, to find out if what the others say concerning Krishnamurti is true; second, to discover for yourselves if what Krishnamurti says is real; and thirdly, to find out for yourselves how to live rightly. I am concerned with the last: how to live rightly.

"Before you can discover that you will have to go through a process of rejection, and that very few people are willing to do (especially all those people who call themselves Star members) because they have got very precise, definite ideas of what I am going to say beforehand, and they are finding it very difficult to understand what I am really saying."

It was rather startling to hear Krishnamurti say that when he talked to outsiders (to those not members of the Star, T. S., or allied movements) they understood him better than those in the organizations represented at the Camp. He explained the reason:

"It is all so very simple. But to those of you who are Star members, and to my friends who are Theosophists, it is all apparently so very difficult. It is difficult because you have in your minds very clearly defined who I am. You have been told who I am, and you have been told what the manner of my teaching will be, in what way I shall work, who are my particular disciples, which movements shall be worked foremost.

"*All these are barriers to understanding the truth.* Now, while I am talking, please use your intelligence. Pure intelligence is the balance, the poise of reason and emotion. While I am talking, please function your intelligence because that is what I want first of all to establish in your minds so that you will discover for yourselves instead of being told by half a dozen people what I say; I want you to understand for yourselves what I say. And here let me add, I say exactly what I mean; *every word I have very carefully thought out*; and it were a foolish thing if you said, 'He does not mean exactly what he says,' as a majority of my friends are beginning to say. 'We know him better elsewhere; it is only part of the consciousness that is functioning.'

"How very childish all these things are! They neither know Krishnamurti nor the teaching, and they give opinions concerning both! . . .

"I say I am whole, entirely uncondi-



tioned. I say this not that I may have followers. I don't want a thing from anyone, neither following, nor money, nor praise, nor flattery, nor the desire to urge others to a right conduct of life. I say I am whole, and any man that says I am otherwise is talking foolishly, because he does not know."

Over and over again Krishnamurti stated that his purpose was to awaken in the hearts of his hearers the desire to know the Truth. Once he had accomplished that desire in men, it would not be difficult for them to find the way to deal with the details of the process—the technique. He earnestly requested people to use critical analysis and logical reasoning, and not to let anyone, including himself, convince them of something they did not understand. He deplored the presence of prejudice in many minds, and the wrangling over childish things.

"How can you find out if your mind is already prejudiced, if you are thinking that this is Krishnamurti speaking now, and someone else is speaking another time? You will say Krishnamurti is speaking when it is inconvenient for you. You will say it is someone else speaking when it suits you. I have been through the world now from India to Europe and here, and it is the same everywhere. Everybody else knows better than I do about myself. (Laughter.) I am glad that you see the humor of it, but merely having the humor of it is not of value. We can all laugh. I have laughed so much at the foolish things that people say about me; but that again is of very little value.

"What is of value is that you should live because you understand. That is the only important thing, not words, words, words, not what you believe and what you don't believe, what societies you belong to and what societies you do not belong to. All these things are so childishly ridiculous. You have come here as members of the Star, believing that Krishnamurti is the World-Teacher; at least, you have all subscribed to that. It is the most unfortunate thing, because you don't know. Some of you know, but the majority that have subscribed their names do not know. If they knew they would be different. But you are in no wise dif-

ferent from the ordinary, average man, and that is where the sorrow of it lies."

He emphasized the fact that the Truth is whole, complete, continuous, and yet the Christians insisted on having it translated into Christianity, the Hindus into Hinduism, and so on; but that Truth in its wholeness, its purity, is not to be gained that way. "Come out of your shadows into the clear sunshine. . . . Either you want the perfection of life or you don't want it. If you want it, have the desire so burning that you sacrifice everything for it."

He stated plainly that people must make up their minds *now* what they are going to do; either belong to the congregation of the dead (he said he meant just that) or break down all the barriers, throwing aside all unessential things, particular channels, creeds, religions, etc. Give up the smallness and grasp the greatness. "Don't play with both. You are afraid of what I say. . . . You want to be told what is true and what is false by another, by your pet authorities, by your traditions of yesterday. So I hope you realize the time has come when you must leave your nurseries, your childhood stage, and go out and seek. . . . Surely you are no longer children to be told what to do, to be told what to think, in what manner you shall conduct yourselves, what you shall worship and what you shall not worship."

He regretted greatly that people heard him, read him, and then translated him to suit their special beliefs, for the convenience of their prejudices. This placed a limitation upon their understanding.

"What is it you are seeking? If you want comfort you will have innumerable gods, new shrines, new rites, new literature that will choke the very light out of your hearts and minds. What is it you are seeking? Why do you come to these Camps? If you come merely for the pleasure of sunshine, of quietness (which I hope you get here), for amusement, for flirtation, this is hardly the place, because there are other places than this for those kinds of things.

"Intelligence is the capacity to choose the essential, to reject that which is unessential; and to have that capacity, you

must suffer, you must think, you must rejoice, you must be in love with everything, and not have fear for one thing. You come then to a point when you must *decide for yourself what is the purpose of life*, what it is you want; for after all that is the only Truth.

"Man's greatness is that no one can save him. That is the greatness of man, that is the glory of man. But what are all of you seeking? You want to *be* saved. You want to worship at altars made by human hands. You want to worship gods created by Life. And that is why I say, worship that Life which is in all things, because Life created God and man. Life which is free, unlimited, unconditioned, and absolute, for that is the Truth. You will all shake your heads approvingly and listen very seriously, but there will be perhaps only two who will understand and who will act. You will all go your own ways, giving excuses, finding excuses, inventing new theories, accepting authorities, rejoicing in the shadow. . . .

"I do not mind if next year there will be only two people to the Camp. So much the better in a way, because they will mean what they say. One man who is sincere, who understands, is worth a multitude that cry vainly without understanding; for that man will live from everlasting to everlasting.

"During this Camp I hope I shall be able to help you in your choice to discover Truth for yourselves, and to perceive through the eyes of Truth those happy visions that will establish peace and understanding in your heart, that will give you sustenance, that will uphold you in your integrity; for there is no greater Truth than that you should be united with that Life which is eternal, for in that Life is immortality."

★ ★ ★

On another occasion Krishnamurti said he desired to explain in concise form the whole of his outlook on life. Would that everyone, everywhere, could have heard that magnificent, profoundly moving presentment.

(As this discourse will probably be printed in full by him sometime, we are permitted a few *verbatim* statements

from it, but will add the Editor's report of others by him.)

He appealed to the intelligence of those present, defining intelligence as the balance between reason and emotion, and regretted that the limitation of words must of necessity veil the true meaning, as that made a dangerous element enter into what he was saying—"the synthesis, with the whole, with the entire construction, the entire make-up, the whole of life as such."

He stated that one act of true understanding would put one on a pinnacle of great vision. "One action born of thought, great consideration, great affection, that act . . . will give a person a greater depth of understanding, a greater vision."

He pointed out that it was no good for his hearers to agree in a "chorus of agreement, but if *one* of you merely live one act, one thought that has its foundation in the root of immortality that is Life itself, or has an emotion that has its foundation in that which is eternal, then that shall put you in a condition that will give you a greater understanding, greater rejoicing, a greater unfolding of that which is permanent."

Continuing, he stated that if one so lived one did not need mediators, churches, gods: one becomes a light unto himself, reflects himself in "a mirror that shall be unspotted, that shall reflect clearly and purely that which you think and that which you feel."

The only sure way of this attainment is by distinguishing between what is real and what is unreal, what is true and what is false. "The intermingling of the real and the unreal, the essential and the unessential, the sweet and the bitter, life and death, the fleeting and the eternal—the intermingling of these may be called ignorance."

He explained that ignorance has no beginning, but that it has an end and that we must find out for ourselves where it will end. When we find the end, "there begins Life." In other words, where ignorance ends, there is freedom, Truth. This goal is what everyone is seeking—trying to discover the way to that freedom from ignorance which leads to happiness.

"So the wise man, having that as his measure, his standard by which he shall



judge his actions, his emotions, his thoughts, his life as a whole, shall begin to disentangle himself from that ignorance which is the admixture of the real and the unreal."

He strongly emphasized the fact that imperfection alone creates personal individuality and the limitations of finiteness: they cease in perfection. Such individuality is a limitation, and in the process of destroying that limitation lies the discovery of Truth. "Not a sudden burst, not a sudden entry into it, or a sudden unfoldment; but it is a continual process of rejection, acceptance, accumulation, renunciation."

He feared that his hearers might misunderstand the meaning of renunciation. "The wise man knowing his purpose cannot renounce." The unwise person does not know the true meaning of the word. He thinks he suffers, renounces, and sacrifices. While in truth all these are part of his fulfillment, his growth, his perfectionment, and should be joyously welcomed: they are aids to his progress and help him to distinguish between the real and the unreal.

It is very necessary also to distinguish between the true happiness and the happiness of pleasure. True happiness has no time, is beyond what is known as pleasure and pain, which is beyond the yoke of experience. "That is the Truth in its absolute form. That is the Truth that every human being longs for, that awaits every human being, however evolved or unevolved he may be."

The true self-expression, he said, is not in the creation of a multitude of useless, vain, fleeting things.

"As a tree in a thick forest steals the light of its neighbors, so is the self-expression of an ordinary man. . . . You are stealing my light, my understanding, my happiness, creating sorrow, misfortune, weariness around you. . . . The true self-expression is in understanding that which is eternal, that freedom, that perfection, and translating it, living it, being it every moment of your life."

At this point Krishnamurti again emphasized the possession of *poise* (the true balance between reason and emotion) as the special self-expression of the one who

has attained. "That poise is freedom, that poise is divinity, that poise is incorruption, which is perfection, that poise is Life itself . . . and until you arrive at that poise you shall know no happiness, no tranquility from the cessation of strife."

With thrilling power he continued to impress upon his hearers that with the attainment of that poise alone must they concern themselves. He said he was not concerned with the way each one should go about the attainment of poise for the mind and the emotions; but said he would suggest that his hearers must judge, analyze, criticize, must dare to discover the reality of all experience, and reject the unreal.

"The mind is the seat of the self. You know that your mind is the creator of the 'I' which all the time seeks to separate, which all the time creates a barrier between one and that life eternal. . . . Your minds create that barrier, that separateness. Therefore you cannot kill the self, but you can make the self grow so enormous, so vast, that it includes all life."

Thus he explained the power of the mind when used in self-instituted, self-understood, creative measures. Then followed an illuminating exposition of properly controlled and purified emotion—affection.

"True love shall be so incorruptible, such a disinterested, true affection, so attached to all things that it is detached; that it is as the sunshine because it is the light to every bush, every flower, and to those gigantic trees that stand lonely on the mountain side, shining irrespective of whether things are great or small; so shall be perfect love."

This he described as the ideal of a perfectly balanced affection. But he cautioned his hearers to realize that mind and heart are in reality both of the same life substance and only different in expression. They are like the two sides of one coin—each a different imprint. That in the poise of mind and heart lies the understanding of the real purpose of life that leads to freedom.

He explained that in life there are two elements—one eternal, the other progressive. Freedom comes when the two are



united. What one does, what one thinks, what one feels, how one walks, the appearance of the countenance, one's smile—all are parts of the progression towards the eternal: in the result is the union of life.

Realizing this, one must apply the proper discipline to oneself, but Krishnamurti has a different idea of discipline from that which is generally understood. He said that one's ordinary idea of discipline is wrong. "Your discipline is suppression, cruel annihilation of desires, blind, vacuous, purposeless. True discipline is rejoicing because you understand. . . . By the very process of perfection, of understanding, discipline is taken for granted. . . . Because you perceive, by that very perception you change. . . . I am talking

of that discipline which is regeneration, the glory of the self."

He said that this regeneration, this glory, must come from within, and in the light of that which is true, which is perfection. By knowing what we want to be tomorrow, we can become it today, thus bringing the future into the present. This will give an ever widening vision of perfectionment.

"So the wise man rejoices, knowing that within himself is the seed of unfoldment, that within himself is the soil out of which the seed will draw its nourishment, and bring forth that perfect flower that shall give scent. . . . You will then possess that integrity, that serenity, that purposefulness which is ecstasy."

## *Notes of Questions and Answers*

(These notes were taken at Camp and pre-Camp meetings. During these meetings Krishnamurti must have answered upwards of a hundred questions, and these will probably be printed at some future time. The following are only a very few of some of the most interesting ones.)

Opening one of the Question-and-Answer-meetings, Krishnamurti said: "To receive a right answer you must put the right question, and the majority of questions arise, not from real desire to know, but rather from the curiosity of the moment, and it is very difficult to answer these questions, for they are generally not worth while. And to understand the answers, you must not judge from the immediate.

"The present is constantly changing, the present is a moment. The moment you have said 'present,' it is past. To understand the present, you must have the proper perception, the understanding of the future; and then your problems of the present disappear. . . . All that I can do is to make you think, and in your thoughtfulness the answer comes."

QUESTION: Is it through an effort of the will that freedom is gained?

ANSWER: Certainly not alone; it is through will, through understanding, through emotion, poise, all these things that you understand, that you gain freedom. Not through the development of one particular manifestation of life, which is will, but by the even harmony of the mind and of the emotion, does one attain. Many friends of mine, especially in India, who develop will, think that it will give them great freedom, control, domination over themselves. But you must have something to dominate. You cannot divide life into will, into emotion, into various planes of matter, into various stages of thought. It is through ceaseless effort, through ceaseless growth, continual struggle, careful balance and poise, that you attain, that you become perfect, that you do anything in life. When you want to earn money, or when you want to come to this oak grove, you must make an effort. So likewise, this spiritual growth, this attainment, this freedom, requires effort. If there were no effort, and it were easily done, of what value would it be? And thereby lies the value of change, of contention, and of understanding.



QUESTION: Is it true that there are Masters in the Himalayan mountains who perform more marvellous things than Jesus is supposed to have done, and that they can be reached by anyone desiring to study there?

ANSWER: You need not go so far away, something like ten thousand miles, to study. What is there to study? Life, and that you can study in any street, any home. You want some mystery to lead you to perfection, some enticement for your natural growth. Why go so far away when it is possible so near. Again, it is your way to escape; because you cannot solve your difficulties in this life here, you want to seek an easy way by going to the Himalayas. It is a long and tedious way, and when you get there you will never learn. Whether they perform greater miracles than someone else is of very little importance.

QUESTION: If the understanding of life and truth leads to happiness, why do so many who are seeking understanding seem to lose their sense of humor and gift of laughter?

ANSWER: Because they are foolish. They take things too seriously in the wrong way, not in the right way. They take things seriously which are of no importance, like who is living, what kind of rites they should perform; those are of very little importance, and they are carried away by those things, and hence they lose their sense of humor.

QUESTION: Will you please explain the title of your first book, *At the Feet of the Master*?

ANSWER: There is not much explanation needed in that title. I can imagine from the question what it will lead to. You will say, "You must have once sat at the feet of some teacher; therefore, why should not I?" That is where the question leads to because I have said over and over again it is unnecessary to have a teacher, it is unnecessary to have a mediator. It is perfectly true, I have in the past sat and worshipped, and everything; *but I have always come back to myself*. That is where one has to free oneself, not at somebody else's shrine or at some god. Therefore, since I have freed myself, I would say the same to you. Do not sit at

any temple or at the feet of any teacher. Do not follow anyone, do not worship anyone, but free that life which is held in the bondage of sorrow. Then you will give freedom to the hundreds, to the multitudes.

QUESTION: You say that the heart of one who is free must be detached, impersonal, and able to give its affection to all, not to one individual alone, or to one particular group? Then in your perfect world, would anyone ever get married?

ANSWER: It is not *my* perfect world; I have no world. It is you that have the world, and you are concerned whether you are going to marry in that world.

As a flower gives its perfume, asking nothing, as the bird that sings because of its rejoicing, out of the fullness of its heart, whether someone listens or not, or whether you breathe a delicious perfume of a flower or hold it in your heart or not, *it gives*, so must be true affection. Therefore, if that detached, perfect affection is the culmination of all life, of all corruptible life, whether you marry then or not is of very little importance. What has marriage to do with this thing? Marriage is a process of acquiring, expanding love; but don't misunderstand me and misuse it. But finally to arrive at that perfection of love, having that as your goal, your vision, you must go through all experience. When you attain, there is no question of marriage. Why? You are everything, and you are only taking part of it and calling it a name.

QUESTION: So-called business ability is so apparently lacking in the spiritual type of people we meet today; how may these two types be combined to the best advantage of both?

ANSWER: What do you mean by business ability, and what do you mean by spiritual type? Both at this present time are unbalanced, the so-called business man and the so-called spiritual man, and how to bring about that poise—this is the question. By you as an individual establishing that poise within yourself. Don't bother about the difference between the business man or the spiritual man. Why do you concern yourselves so much about another; about convincing another; about bringing incorruption into the heart of



another when there is corruption, when there is depression, unsteadfastness in your own mind and heart? It is much easier to convince another, so much easier to get by on a beloved crutch, than to live one's self.

QUESTION: At this time is it better to concentrate what abilities we have in the service of the Order, or continue to keep up our activities in other congenial organizations? Would working for one society alone tend to narrow one's views and effectiveness?

ANSWER: I don't know. It depends on you. You ask, is it better to concentrate what abilities we have in the service of the Order? What do you think? I don't know. What is it you yourself *want* to do? I cannot tell you *what* to do, or what you *should* do. And you ask whether we should continue to keep up our activities in other congenial organizations? You will keep them up, if they are congenial.

I am talking about the sunshine, and you are talking about the candles, how to light the candles, what the candles are made of, how to acquire matches, and in what manner you should strike the matches. Because I say to put away your candles, whatever they be, you think I am disturbing your organizations, your associations, that I am denying, that I am negative, and so on. You will have organizations because you will want them. Organizations purely for business needs, purely for travel, for going or coming, or other physical things, are essential; but organizations for spiritual purposes, for increasing or systematizing thought, are of no value.

You ask, still further, whether working for one society only would tend to narrow one's view and effectiveness. Again, it depends on you, for if your mind is narrow, whatever you do will be narrow.

QUESTION: Frequently we think and feel and act in a manner which we know to be wrong. What is it in our nature that makes us do things contrary to our better judgment, and how may we overcome this difficulty?

ANSWER: By not doing wrong, by struggling. The idea of overcoming something—it is not a question of overcoming. There is no such thing as failure. If I have not the strength to walk up to the

mountain-top, I make the effort, fall down, and make another. It does not mean that I am failing. A person that does not make an effort, such a person shall never know what it is to be happy.

QUESTION: We often say to ourselves and to our friends, "Oh, yes, we understand Krishnamurti quite well." Is not this attitude of mind a barrier to an understanding of the Truth?

ANSWER: It depends on the person who says it. Why should you understand me? You are not to understand me—Krishnamurti—or anything of the kind. You should want to understand the Truth, not persons or individuals. Truth has nothing to do with individuals, and I want you to understand the Truth, and not Krishnamurti.

Become disciples of that Truth, not of individuals, not of Krishnamurti. That Truth is yourself and everything in the world, which is Life itself. Understand that, and don't bother about individuals. You will spoil everything if you base your understanding on individuals, even on Krishnamurti. There is a much greater thing than this form which you call Krishnamurti; it is Life, and of that Life I speak, and of that Life I urge you to become disciples, and with that Life I would urge you to be in love.

QUESTION: When it is said: "Thy sins be forgiven thee," does that mean that Karma is cancelled? And is there grace from above that can help?

ANSWER: There is no grace from above that can help. If you rely on outside authority to help you, you are not achieving. Nobody can cancel your Karma, as you call it. Nobody can *give* you that attainment, that happiness, that understanding, from outside, as it is a continual process of *acquiring*. Your sins can never be washed away, if they *are* sins. What was sin yesterday is no longer a sin today, because you understand. No divine Being implants in you that understanding. No amount of worship, no amount of faith, hope, or anything else you like, will awaken that flower of perfection in you; it is only by your own continual unfoldment, by struggle, by strife, by rejoicing, by understanding. (It



is a terrible way of looking at it, but it is the only way.)

QUESTION: How far can we go in desirelessness without stultifying ambition and thereby stopping human progress?

ANSWER: Please don't stop desire. You cannot stop desire; that is, if you try to stultify desire, you are dead; but if you make your desire pure, magnificent, free, then your perception of life must be magnificent. It is like this: What you perceive, you desire—isn't that so? If you perceive a Rolls-Royce, your whole desire would go toward the Rolls-Royce, or wealth, possession, approbation, saintly character, seeking after comfort; your desires would tend to that. But if your perception is the absolute, the unlimited, free, unconditioned, which is Life itself, then your desires are free; there is then the ambition which is eternal, which is magnificent, which is Life, enthusiastic, continuous. But if your ambition is for worldly things, it decays. It depends upon what you desire, and that is why I have been saying that you must establish for yourself individually what you want. You are all the time quoting me, what I say, what someone else says. Find out what it is, that stirs you as an individual to great actions, and then see if that is eternal.

QUESTION: If we take desirelessness as a word to be interpreted as meaning desirelessness for all things of limitation, for all things that end, would that be a good word?

ANSWER: That would be correct.

QUESTION: Yesterday, taking Krishnamurti's statement about coming out into the sunshine, one might easily interpret this as meaning that we should leave all contacts with life, that is, with *active* life in the outer world. We have many organizations, whether they are spiritual or social, outside the Star and the Theosophical Society, the Church, etc. We have service clubs, and women's clubs, and other various contacts by which we can inspire others, help, or serve them. Would it be against Krishnamurti's purpose, or his idea, if we should break all these contacts and stand isolated in the sunshine, out by ourselves? Would it not be better for us to live in the light within ourselves,

but recognize in ourselves that we do not need all these things, but touch the world through them?

ANSWER: Sir, you want to contact your fellow man to help, isn't that so? That is why these organizations exist. That is the primary idea that lies behind most organizations—to help; but I want you to find out if they *are* truly helping. I am not asking you to leave any organization. I am not interested in that. It does not matter if you belong to X, Y, Z organizations. The majority of people mean, by "helping someone" that they want them to come into their particular kind of cage. Sorry to be frank, but there it is. I am not talking about that kind of helping at all. If you want to help men, you cannot break contacts. On the contrary, you will have more and more. I have more and more every time I meet a friend, and I am not going to break such contacts. But my principal consideration is, I want to help them in one way, and that is to break all cages—his own and mine—and not to establish new ones.

QUESTION: Does it not seem too selfish for us to put so much emphasis on our personal happiness and attaining it? I wonder if Krishnaji wouldn't tell us more about what he wants us to do, aside from that which we do for ourselves.

ANSWER: It is not a question of selfishness, of self-centeredness or of being ego-centric, or of any other such word. If you see a beautiful sunset, or a lovely flower, or a bird on the wing, or a cloud, by its very loveliness, by its very beauty, you try to awaken that beauty in others. It is not selfishness to be beautiful. It is not selfishness to be, in the real sense of the word, happy. If you are, you will help hundreds.

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At the first "Business Meeting" Mr. Rajagopal spoke as follows:

"I happen to be the Chief Organizer of the Order of the Star, and the time has come to create somewhat of chaos out of this Order; and I want to give you a little background about various rumors that have been set afloat concerning it, in order that during the time of chaos, and even after the chaos has settled itself



down, you will be able to follow intelligently the changes that are suggested, discussed, and finally accepted.

"First and foremost, Krishnaji, ever since he began his work, has, unfortunately for him and for the world, been forced to create a controversy about two main issues: first, about ceremonial, and second, about organization. I think it is a most unfortunate thing that there should be introduced into the world two controversies, one about ceremonial and one about organization.

"We are constantly asserting that for the carrying out effectively, intelligently, and with harmony, the purpose of the world work, we must have some sort of an organization, and yet we are constantly shying away from that necessity. Why is that? It is simply because there is confusion of thought, a very great confusion of thought, caused by the interpretation of mere words, sometimes used out of their context, and sometimes without understanding the full significance of the words themselves.

"I do not for myself at all accept the controversy and dispute between ceremonialism and non-ceremonialism. If I were to accept that dispute, there would be numerous other issues which we could turn into controversies in the world today. Also, I do not accept that we should continually from day to day trouble Krishnaji with our questions about the necessity for an organization; and I would suggest very earnestly to you, and to all those interested in his Message, that from this moment onwards we do not ask him questions about ceremonial or organization. He has stated clearly his point of view, and I think there is so much more that is essential to be done in the world, so much to be done within ourselves to create understanding, that it is the greatest tragedy that people are now wasting their own energy and Krishnaji's time on these unessential things.

"Perhaps twenty years from now we shall regret very much that when such a great Teacher as Krishnaji was in our midst we did not utilize the glorious days with him to come into that great, wonderful harmony and inward understanding of life of which he is speaking to us

constantly. We keep asking him all sorts of unimportant questions, but he is ever asserting that one thing alone matters: to find the purpose of life and to live the Truth accordingly.

"I have decided that organizations, ceremonials, every kind of issue that arises in our minds, are of very little importance compared to the greatest glory that is in our midst.

"The Order of the Star is, if you please, a form—but a form that can be changed any time by anybody, and *should* be changed to meet the necessities of the times and of the place, in different countries. I am afraid that many people regard this Order of the Star as a very important part of Krishnaji's work. In my own opinion it has no such place and should be given no such consideration.

"What is the Order after all? As it is now, it is a gathering of people with a common or organized belief, and Krishnaji's teaching impels us to get rid of such belief. And so I think when we meet in Ommen this year, when people from the different countries come there, we shall all discuss together and find a method of work which will be effective, which will be flexible, and which can be turned from moment to moment to different uses and purposes.

"That is all that is going to take place about the Order as far as I understand its present position and plans.

"So do not be distressed if you should hear that the Order of the Star is going to be dissolved, or has been dissolved, or will be dissolved in a few years' time. Let it go; give it a gracious farewell, saying you have been in it, given it your support and enthusiasm, that it has perhaps done its work; and then turn your energies to the new plan, the new body that will be created to carry out, within ourselves and in the world, the great ideals Krishnaji is placing before us.

"Now this afternoon there will be a number of announcements made regarding Camp, books, magazines. None of these announcements should be taken as the final statement of a final authoritative bureaucracy or autocracy. One of the novelties in the world introduced by Krishnaji is a new method of work and



of coöperation, and not by impressing upon the people the importance of individual authority, but by asking, by reasoning, by real affection—that coöperation which makes all work inspiring and all activity successful. That is what he wants us to create, not anything to dominate a whole mass of people or a group of individuals; but that they together should realize that common harmony of every one of us, the common possibility of every one of us to make mistakes, and to see the common glory of a friendship which is possible between every human and his fellow beings. That is all. That is the very basis of every successful achievement in the world. That is what he is trying to create especially among those who happen to be around him now trying to carry out some of his ideas.

“So please put away from your minds, as he often tells us, not only your ideas about religion and past tradition, but also all your fixed ideas about coöperation, about service, about sacrifice, and try to understand this new spirit of true, willing helpfulness based on affection, carrying us toward the purpose of success. We want to spread Krishnaji’s Message as he gives it to us, and we cannot do it better than through his books.

“Our idea is that everything in connection with Krishnaji’s work should stand on its own merits, and nothing should be forced on people, pushed down their unwilling throats; therefore, I hope when the reorganization of the Order takes place, it will be one that will set a unique example in the world for all the various movements, religious as well as worldly; and that we shall give them a new note of true coöperation based on friendship and affection, not on domination and authority.”

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Mr. Louis Zalk, Camp Manager, followed and gave some details about the 1930 Camp at Ojai. He said that the next Camp will be open to everyone without any discrimination whatsoever. It will be for ten days instead of only a week, from May 21st to May 30th, inclusive.

The Camp fee for the whole ten days will be \$30 for adults, a reduction of \$15 from the fee of this year. For young

people, from twelve to eighteen years, \$20. For children under twelve years, \$15.

Still further innovations were announced: Anyone may enter the Camp *free* who does not require either meals or tent accommodations.

For those who desire to attend the daytime meetings, but not to remain over the night in tents, a moderate charge will be made for such meals as they may require.

A person may *register* for part of the ten days (not less than two, however), and the rate will be \$5 per day. For this price tent accommodation and meals will be provided for the number of days requested.

The Ojai Camp Management proposes to put up for next year’s use and thereafter about twenty-four weatherproof accommodations for those attending the coming Camps. These will take the form of attractive little houses.

The houses will not be the same in pattern. We aim to have a variety, with the idea of beauty in mind, painted attractively and portable, so that, when necessary, we may move them to other places. Many resort hotels build similar houses for what is known as overflow capacity during conventions. We intend to make a study, so as to devise the most attractive designs.

These little houses will be grouped around our bath-houses. If thought advisable we can have our landscape architect design for us the type of grouping that will minimize the possibility of conveying a commonplace appearance. It is planned that we have arbors and pergola effects about the houses, so that after a few years’ growth the whole will present an artistic grouping of vine and flower-grown cottages.

The construction is to be of either redwood, plaster-board, or asbestos-board, painted attractively. It is planned that there be houses for one person, houses that will accommodate two people, and two-room houses that will accommodate four people. We plan to have running water in each house, so that people will get the same accommodation that they would in a good hotel, when they get a room without bath.



They will be furnished with very good beds, springs, and mattresses of good quality, pillows, chair, and dresser. People may either bring their own blankets, sheets, and pillowcases, or may rent them from us.

Our approximate cost to build and furnish these houses is estimated as follows: For one person, \$400; for two people, \$225 each; two-room houses for four people, \$200 each.

We will accept contributions from individuals sufficient for the particular type of accommodation they prefer. The contribution is considered as an outright gift to the Ojai Camp. However, the Ojai Camp will hold the particular type of accommodation, built with a particular contribution, at the disposal of the one making the contribution during any Camp week or ten days each year for a period of ten years.

It is to be clearly understood by the individual making the contribution which is to provide for a particular accommodation that during that part of the year in which the Camp is not held, he has no claim upon the use of that accommodation, and that the Camp Management is free to use it for other purposes.

It must be also understood by the person making the contribution that there may be years during which a Camp is not held, and during such years the Camp Management is not obligated in any way whatsoever: the whole affair being an altruistic enterprise, although the one contributing receives the above-described benefits, if and when Camps are held during the next ten years.

Should an individual wish and be willing to pay for special features in accommodations constructed with his money, such special expenditures must be termed an expense to the individual and will not be part of the loan to be repaid by the Camp Management. It may be able to arrange a satisfactory and workable plan in the case of those unable to pay the total cost of an accommodation in one installment.

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#### KRISHNAMURTI'S BOOKS:

Mr. Robert Logan made an appeal to those present to buy and especially to circulate Krishnamurti's books. He point-

ed out that many persons at last year's Camp had bought large numbers of them, pledging themselves to dispose of them for propaganda. But many of those books are still on the buyers' shelves at home. This is not as it should be, and not showing the right devotion and enthusiasm for the work of spreading the Message. He hoped that those present at this year's Camp would make it a point to buy liberally of the books and enthusiastically place them where they would do the most good.

At a previous meeting Mr. Logan explained that the *International Bulletin* published at Ommen was to be enlarged and give reports of Krishnamurti's work from the *world* point of view, and contain short articles by international writers on subjects of public interest; but that *The Star Magazine*, published in America, is principally of national use and interest. Each of these publications would contain original articles by Krishnamurti and that subscriptions should be given at the book-tenor or at the headquarters.

#### *The Star* MAGAZINE:

Mrs. Hotchener, Editor of *The Star Magazine*, thanked the subscribers for their generous support of that publication. She said that three large files were filled with appreciative letters that encouraged her to continue the magazine. There are at present about 2500 subscribers—many more than last year—and subscriptions were coming in at the rate of several a day.

She said that some people had thought that as the Order of the Star was to cease as such, the magazine would also cease. This was not the case; that so long as the subscriptions continue, *The Star* will continue. Otherwise it would cease only if those in charge of the business of the Order ever decided to discontinue *Star Magazines* in all countries. Mr. Krishnamurti had stated he hoped the American *Star Magazine* would continue. Mr. Rajagopal had stated that the *International Bulletin* and *The Star Magazine* were both essential to the work.

Mrs. Hotchener said that she felt that the American *Star's* mission was to help carry the ideals of Krishnamurti's teachings to this country, also to link together the workers who were striving to that end, and who express through the articles



in its pages the ideas and ways they have found helpful to themselves and others. She concluded by saying:

"Let us erect a great lighthouse in the present ocean of national turmoil and place in its top our beacon light of Truth—*The Star*."

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It was estimated that over two thousand persons attended the Sunday afternoon meeting where Krishnamurti once more outlined his philosophy and emphasized the importance of living the essentials of life purposefully.

In the evening, at the last Camp Fire, he gave an impressive and moving farewell message to those who had attended the Camp. Once again he urged his hearers to seek to understand Truth, to attain freedom, to fulfil life's purpose.

In closing he said that just as the flames of the fire cast the light upon the faces of his hearers, he hoped that they in turn would reflect the light of Truth to the world.

Thus ended the 1929 Camp, leaving a benediction of great power on those who attended.

## *Stars and Sparks*

By Margaret E. Cousins, B. Mus.



JAI STAR CAMP of 1929 will ever remain in my memory symbolized as a circle. There were no angles in its gatherings, not even rectangles or oblongs. Everything circled, all flowed, all harmonized, nothing stuck in corners. It seemed as if the nursery game,

"Gather in, gather in for a ring,  
the little children sing"

had been the call sent out by the unsophisticated psychology of the youngest of the races, the Americans of California, and as if the youthful in heart and vision from different parts of the world, to the number of between seven and eight hundred had formed themselves into concentric circles for a week around the evocative words and beautiful personality of Krishnamurti.

There was the horizon circle of the high hills, exquisite in the dawn and in the sunset; their modelling, their shadows, changes of color and intimate protectiveness giving them personality. One felt that they too "gathered in" to the magical ring, listened in, or at least acted as the Gallery for the Olympians. This circle was the "Ring-Pass-Not," save by the gateway of the Pacific Ocean, a name allegorically significant in the setting.

There was the daily circle of the morning gathering, under the protective shade of the hoary live-oaks, the ever-green, young-old wisecakes of sylvan California. The trunks of three such oaks formed the wings of the proscenium, midway between which appeared the Center of all circles of the Camp. Krishnamurti, the World-Teacher, as Center, and the human mind as radius, described a circle which was the "Wheel of Life" to some point on a diameter of which each member of the Camp was bound. One's true Center is the point of poise between reason and feeling, between head and heart, as he explained, and at that point alone is full power over life. There, by virtue of his full attainment of that poise, Krishnamurti stood. Before him was the semicircle of listeners dappled with sunlight through the branches. Behind him one could not help imagining that the complementary semicircle was filled by the spirits of nature, and mayhap a congregation of those just within the veil of physical matter, without the earthly vesture, but sentient, alive, conscious, listening, learning—loved ones passed over who had awaited this day. Above his beautiful form the birds each morning trilled their accompanying melodies of joyous welcome, and once the wind shak-



ing the boughs in glee wafted a leaf right down onto that dark crown of hair, where it dwelt during the whole course of the inspiring address.

Another circle drew itself every sunset hour around the Camp Fire where Krishnamurti set the torch to the ready woodpile, and then, as in the technique of his teaching, withdrew his personality as the focal point, substituting for it the Flame of Understanding, the Light that lighteth everyone that cometh into the world. Though his beloved voice sang to our ears at the circumference of the ring, our eyes were held by the flame at the center, and its display of living fireworks. Cascades of sparks rose to such heights that they seemed to mingle with the stars, to be absorbed into them; or was it that they drew down the crowding stars to the Star Camp where the opening music of the "Star strings" orchestra had tuned to harmonious unison stars, sparks, teacher, and listeners?

On one special night it fell to the part of Music to complete a circle of the emotional expression of the peoples of the Western and Eastern hemispheres, when one of America's foremost composers, Henry Eicheim, spoke on the music of the Orient, and his wife brilliantly performed pianoforte transcriptions of his orchestral symphonic poems and ballets, inspired by the music of Burma and Japan.

At other times during the Camp week, it was as if the great musicians of the world, under the direction of Mrs. Glen Ellison, had become Titans or Gandharvas to attend the Camp; for the valley was flooded with the greatest music of Wagner, Beethoven, Debussy, Rachmaninoff, conducted by Stokowski, by solos of Chaliapin, Caruso, McCormack, Kreisler, and Heifetz—all the artists through the modern miracle of a Victrola with great broadcasting amplifiers, ravishing the circle of friends through their outpouring of the best that music could offer to the supreme Artist in Life.

Again, this time once in the afternoon, a semi-circle forms in "the Bowl" of the Camp, a steep hillside, to watch the Play of Life in a trio of dramas, remarkably well produced and acted. "Rosalind," by Sir J. M. Barrie, portrayed the heroine escaping from the tyranny of youth-

fulness which the stage imposes on actresses and enjoying a month of life in her reality of middle-age. The second, "Michael," by Tolstoi, wherein the difficult role of an Archangel in human exile, statuesquely and impressively played against the temperamental tides of Russian character in peasant and nobleman, showed Love in the human breast, and the impermanence of worldly power, as fundamentals of life. The third was a plea from the past (Elizabeth and Shakespeare) to the present (National Exchequers) to establish State theatres in which "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature" for the illumination of life in the future. Thus was the circle of past, present, and future rolled into one, and the real and the unreal in life unfolded.

Even the "Business Meeting" was a Round Table Conference explaining how the circle of invitation to attend next year's Camp would be extended to infinity. The announcement that future Camps would be entirely open to the public was hailed with fully expressed enthusiasm. The era of inclusiveness, the downfall of exclusiveness, is a characteristic of the changed outlook which Krishnamurti's exposition of the unity of Life has brought about in his hearers.

The amount of humor that flashed about the question meetings was wholesome, chiefly contributed by the inimitable wit of Mr. Robert Logan, who acted as Master of Ceremonies and General Announcer. Everything sparkled under his tongue. What would have been annoying requests, became, through his manipulation, enjoyable pleasantries offending none but insuring the desired responses.

But those questions, both written and spoken, how trivial they all seemed! How concerned with the "good of other people!" How centered on the personality of Krishnamurti rather than on the essentials of his message, of the inevitability of Liberation! "Here is the sunshine," he exclaimed, "but you ask me to tell you how to light your candles, to tell you how to strike your absurd little matches." Yet though he shrank sometimes from some of the useless questions, the moment he was on his feet he was an object lesson to all in the patient way in which he tried to identify himself with the thought of the



questioner, and in the loving sympathy which he expressed in his answer. And always he shed light on the problem.

The circle is a line without beginning or end. To get out of it one must go through it. The mode in which Krishnamurti stimulated our brains to function was of the nature of that word, "throughth" which has been employed to describe the fourth dimension. We lived and thought in that realm during the period of those of his addresses in which he was not answering questions, and particularly so in his remarkable synthesis of his teaching. Here was a master who declined pupils; a leader who repudiated followers; a savior of himself who could not save others; a gospel which forbade definition; a goal which was not an end, but whose end lay in the moment-by-moment process of daily living the Truth already known; pupils whose only teacher was life-experience examined by each individual conscience!

With what blinding paradoxes did he box the compass of time and separateness! Hear him! "There is nothing new under the sun, but everything is new to him who discovers it. . . . Real youth is the capacity to love everlastingly. . . . The standard for disinterested emotion is that it shall be so attached to all things that it is detached. . . . Happiness comes when you unite the progressive with the eternal. . . . You are killing the future

by the past. . . . Knowing what you are going to be tomorrow, you can live tomorrow in today."

At times it was something akin to travail of his soul that one saw as he strove to press the ocean of his realization of knowledge into the drop of the question of an earnest enquirer. Language, words, are his daily cross. He has to recreate and refine words in the fiery furnace of his vision of the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth:

"If you examine the part you will never discover the rationality of the matter." At another time he exclaimed: "I don't know why we divide life into parents, and children, and men, and women. It is by the *whole* that we must judge."

What an apotheosis of experience it was to listen to the Absolute pressing itself into the Relative in every utterance of the Liberated One. We heard it with our minds, we felt it with overflowing hearts, but in something which is the union of both we rejoiced in shattering our sheaths; we experienced the poignant ecstasy of breaking free from limitations.

From the pure peace of that circle of spiritual friends around the final Camp Fire we were shot as sparks from the central flame, to rejoice, to uplift, to illuminate, and to go forth into the wide, round world to light the paths of all, even as the stars above which shone over us as stabilized, beneficent sparks in the darkness.

## *Krishnamurti at Ojai*

By Karol Kane



INTO the lee of a great rock.  
Peace and strength are in your  
shadow;  
Power and sweetness in the air  
about you.  
You have stored the sun in  
your own depths

And radiate its warmth upon us  
Who come to you, weary, for shelter.  
In the vibrant stillness here we see clearly  
And orient ourselves for life's journey,  
Facing the wind again with new courage—  
Your serenity a blessing upon us.



# *A Week at the Camp*

By Max Wardall



THE Ojai Valley was swathed in sunshine and radiance during the recent Star Camp, May 27 to June 3. Never have the carpeted hills looked more enchanting. The Camp with its quaint brown tents looked very tiny against the hills that encircled it, but there is nothing oppressive about these frowning sentinels. They do not tyrannize over the quiet valley—they guard it with peaceful dignity. I am not sure that they like to see the crowds come surging into the valley. It disturbs that solemn repose that only ages of waiting and watching can produce. However this may be, it is certain that the frogs are glad of our approach. Every evening when the fragrant, soft mists of the valley crept up and enveloped us, a deep-throated, resounding chorus arose from frog-town, and left no doubt as to our welcome and its content.

"Nothing is finished until it is understood." This pregnant statement about experience, made so simply by Krishnamurti in the Oak Grove the first morning of the Camp, banished all other thoughts from my mind. Through the hushed hours of evening contemplation this thought echoed like a refrain in my consciousness. There were many clear, high notes sounded by him throughout the Camp but this statement *haunted* me.

During the years that Krishnamurti has been before the public, there has been a sharp and continual emphasis upon *understanding*. The light begins to break. Mass-thought has been our undoing.

Without individuality or distinction, without analysis or resistance, we have swallowed vast doses of predigested ideas, and now we must regurgitate—to understand them.

After a week at Camp in which supreme emphasis is placed upon spiritual independence and understanding the purpose of experience, is it possible that we shall all sink back into our feeble, hobbling ways again, into dependence, uniformity, and sloth. Probably! How many times must a child be placed upon his feet before he can stand alone; and then how long until he can walk upright? Yet he does learn to walk! "The glory of man is that no one can save him but himself."

Not the least of the benefits of the Camp life lay in the delicious air of freedom and friendliness that blew over the meadows day and night. A good dose of outdoors will cure anybody of anything, even the passion for gossip and small talk, and will lift him beyond corruption. God made outdoors and lives there. It is His storehouse for faith, hope, love, and courage. All the plagues and nuisances of civilization are conceived and brought to birth in closed and stuffy minds and places. People bloom and expand under wind and sun; their intellectual vagaries blow away and their desires become sane and normal.

Aside from practical considerations, the Camp idea is a wise, beneficent, and wholesome one. I pray that Krishnamurti may never be obliged to teach behind smug walls or in cloistered places. His Message belongs to God's outdoors.





# *The Purpose of Life*

By Marie Russak Hotchener

(Notes of the Ojai Star Camp)



RISHNAMURTI has come, spoken his Message, and departed on a journey to Holland. When the reader's eye rests on this page, the opalescent morning mists of a month of day-dawns will have been dispersed by the summer sun as it rises over the picturesque mountains of the colorful Ojai Valley, and as it rose on the concluding day of the 1929 Star Camp.

That last sunrise was on Sunday, June 2nd, the dawning of a new day, a new understanding of life, for many who attended this year's never-to-be-forgotten Star Camp Congress.

Only the voices of nature greeted the light as it streamed into the otherwise sleeping valley; all else was quiet, hushed, breathless. It seemed as though there was a deeper stillness than usual, a sort of synthesized silence that gathered into itself the whole lofty message of the week, and tried to impress it more deeply upon the yearning, listening, aspiring souls, set free by slumber, ere they returned to the outer blatancy of the world.

The message was what Krishnamurti had been emphasizing daily: "There is only man and his purpose, and the gulf between them. At one extreme is man, at the other his purpose. Eliminate that gulf by understanding and living that purpose, and by so doing man will attain a poise of mind and heart that will unify him with Truth and liberate him for all time."

This message seemed to encompass all that was done, all that was felt, all that was thought at the Camp.

How is this ideal poise to be gained in carrying out one's duties in daily life? That too was discussed in some detail at meetings arranged for the purpose; but

before entering into these details let us touch upon some of the other phases of the Camp.

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There are some interesting points of comparison with last year's Camp: There were quite a number of improvements in the arrangements, especially in the grounds. Last year they seemed but a forest-field, with a building here and there among the trees and tents. This year a large part of the grounds had become a garden, with stone-bordered, grass-covered walks, lawns, shrubs; all the dead branches and dying leaves of the grand old oaks in Oak Grove had been removed and the "dancing shadows" of cool resting-places were not disturbed by useless underbrush and tall weeds.

There were many signs that the plummet of experience had righted some rough corners in the equipment of the Camp, and all departments moved in perfect order. It was delightful to feel the harmony that prevailed everywhere, to see the smiles of content on the faces of the gladsome servers, especially in the kitchen and cafeteria, and to hear them singing in chorus as they labored. Physically everything seemed quite perfect.

Emotionally? A feeling of joyousness and peace pervaded the whole Camp in a general way; but individually there were many sighs, pullings-up of personality-roots to see how much growth there had been during the year; and one could sense that there was little personal satisfaction after hearing Krishnamurti state: "You wag your heads in approval of what I say, but you don't put it into practice. You have ambitions toward such trivial things, and your emotions create chaos. You fear the past, the present, and the future. Such fears lead to stagnation."



In spite of these startling accusations, concerning the feelings of many of the hearers, the emotional atmosphere of the Camp was much more composed, more peaceful than last year. The depression of last year was absent, even though there were few who did not feel far from the attainment of emotional poise so desired for them by the Teacher. Still they had had a whole year to consider the teachings; these were not new and upsetting as at the last year's Camp. And those who did not attend at that time had been present at this year's pre-Camp meetings and therefore they, too, had had time to become somewhat reconciled to his statements that they were emotionally in a "self-created" state of inharmony; a state of chaos; that character is the only righteousness—a character expressed through poised, controlled, balanced actions, emotions, and thoughts.

The majority of those at this year's Camp had been thinking earnestly, seriously, for some time, and showed that they had at least understood sufficiently to realize the depth of the Message and its importance, and were joyfully resolved to try to live it.

But those who heard the Message for the first time at this Camp were noticeably having a severe struggle with their emotions, with their pride, with their pet theories. They showed plainly that they did not relish the idea of the necessity for the old beliefs to be demolished ere the new could be established. The dead past seemed to them more important than the living present. However, as the week progressed, and Krishnamurti explained in greater detail the reality of the present, and the practical necessity for a life of essentials, they were able, to some degree at least, to join with the rest in the general comradeship and happiness of the Camp.

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The Camp Fire, as usual, was the crowning feature of each day. In the gathering together around the fire in the stillness of the night, the feeling of helplessness felt in the day (when the great ideals of the lofty goal of attainment were pictured with such supreme power by Krishnamurti), seemed to press less heav-

ily on the campers. The tender darkness of night seemed compassionately to quiet the inner struggles to understand—struggles that humiliated the pride, shamed the emotions, and left the struggler face to face with his unworthy self. In the daytime there was the striving to think intelligently; at the nightly Camp Fire there was the "listening" to realize—peacefully.

The insects of the night danced with the escaping sparks and died with them in the darkness.

(The insects, in their innocence, had the fearlessness to enter into the light, and perished. Man with his intelligence lacks the courage to enter into the light and live.)

The tongues of fire, fierce, strong, leaping high, were symbols both of the flaming genius of the one who gave them life, and of the aspirations of his listeners.

One evening at the Camp Fire the usual formal address was foregone, and Krishnamurti sat on the ground in the middle of the circle, and with several others related amusing, witty stories, making the evening a merry one. Perhaps he felt that the strain of the serious atmosphere of the Camp should be relieved. Once or twice at the day meetings, he urged his hearers not to look so serious. So, at this special Camp Fire, the hills echoed peals of merry laughter as the friends told jokes on him, and on each other, and related witty stories. (Krishnamurti evidently does not believe with Rochefoucauld that there is more fault than virtue in humor, for he, Krishnamurti, possesses a rich fund of it.)

On many evenings after the Camp Fire had burned low, many still lingered to hear Glen Ellison sing charming songs, James Cousins recite some of his beautiful poems, or each to each talk over the events of the day.

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The majority of those at the Camp felt great delight in searching into the profundity of the ideas conveyed by Krishnamurti in his Message. Again and again he returned to the central theme of all that he said, urging his hearers to find the purpose of life, live it, and gain that divine poise which is the proper balance between reason and emotion.



No doubt very many were forced to question themselves: "After all, what is my purpose? What *do* I want to attain? What *am* I living for?" In answering these questions (motivated by the insistence of Krishnamurti that to find the real answers was to discover one's purpose, vain or otherwise), new ideas must have entered each mind; new feelings must have flooded each heart in the search for that purpose.

But Krishnamurti's ideas of life's purpose did not provide any actional, emotional, or mental couches for the aspirant to rest upon during the period of his attainment: not if the gulf that separates him from his purpose (that gulf of the endless sequences of purposeless time and event) is to be leapt deliberately and now.

Generally speaking, man's purposes are such wandering, loose things—the result of meaningless energies. The majority of people are in the habit of simply accepting or enduring the daily happenings, without the least desire to direct them or to find out the purpose, the meaning of them. If they think about them at all, it is with a jumble of muddled notions as a result; the true and genuine purpose within each event passes by unheeded. As Krishnamurti pointed out:

"Most people find it easier to sit still, or to act as they please, and at the end of the day pray to be saved. Man must save himself by searching out the purposes of life and living them."

He also said that the pains, the sorrows, the struggles of life are not the result of some superhuman or divine visitation, as many people mistakenly believe, but are caused by the individual himself, and are freighted with a hidden lesson, meaning, especially for him. Hence the necessity for him to understand. Otherwise there is no progress, only stagnation until such time as he *will* understand.

"Man *must* learn to understand his experiences, where his desires are leading him, and the purpose within his desires. . . . When once he has understood the purpose, then the pain, the struggle, the chaos, will not only disappear, but there will be such a different meaning to life."

Perhaps the distressed, startled, wondering looks on the faces of some of his

listeners at the recent Camp were due to the fact that they had not sufficiently realized at the last Camp that he meant what he said; or perhaps they were too comfortably ensconced in their old beliefs, theories, and creeds to try to carry out his suggestions since that time.

Anyway, his mind must have penetrated to their "comfort" for he said: "You are exactly where you were before, the same beliefs, the same complaints, the same sorrows, the same passions, the same desires. You have not understood the purpose of your lives.

"What is the purpose of life? I have repeated this a hundred times, and I shall go on repeating it, because *it is the only thing that matters*. The only purpose of life is to gain knowledge, the Truth; and the moment you understand and grasp that fact with intelligence, learning the meaning of every experience, your actions, your emotions, your beliefs will alter.

"You should first perceive in which direction your life is leading you, because you are being carried away by useless things. Therefore, when you discover the purpose of life, then you will see that you can only achieve it through the aid of your experiences; *you must be rich in experience* to arrive at perfection.

"Experience with a purpose is creative, eternal; without a purpose it is chaotic. When once you have perceived the purpose which is enduring, then you will walk in the integrity of life; then you will not lean on others; then you will have no fear; then you will be certain of the purposefulness and integrity of your actions, of your desires, of your minds and of the purity of your life."

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As the experiences of each individual are personal, and the result of each environment, Krishnamurti gave but a general idea of the way the purpose of life should be exemplified by each person. But now and then he would interpolate an apposite story or example.

One most interesting story illustrated how a person may be self-deceived about his perfection, poise, and saintliness:

There was a friend of Krishnamurti's who considered himself very perfect, thought that he got into touch with great



Beings, and who made his ceremonies and meditations a regular part of his daily life. One day, during his meditations, his little son accidentally disturbed him. He lost his temper and beat the little fellow in anger! "Which is more important: to meditate like that or to be kind?"

Another story illustrated lack of self-control:

During a visit to a very wonderful, modern, electric power-house, two friends, the inventors of the machinery, proudly explained to Krishnamurti the great motors that generated the electric power for the city. A few moments later they were quarrelling over some trivial matter. They had spent long years in inventing splendid machinery to control the forces of nature outside themselves, but had not created enough personal power within themselves to prevent their quarrelling like children!

A question about healing caused Krishnamurti to relate the following story, illustrative of the domination of weaknesses of character:

Once a youth was very ill and just by touching Krishnamurti was made well. About a year later the youth was taken to prison for a crime!

Illustrating how organizations are an impediment to the presentation of Truth, he told this story:

A man picked up a bit of Truth on the street. An observer saw the devil watching this man. He said to the devil, "Why do you let him keep a piece of Truth?" The devil replied, "I shall let him organize it."

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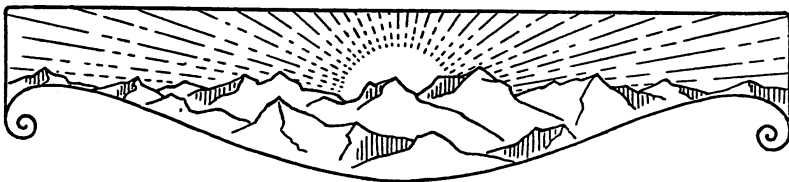
And so the sun rose all too soon on that last morning of a very eventful eight days! The light turned the waking campers' attention once more to the outer

world, but did not dim in the least the handwriting on the wall of their memories: "Search first your purpose in life; and in living that purpose you will attain knowledge that will lead to liberation and happiness."

The serious, earnest individual regretfully wended his homeward way, but with grateful remembrances of a most helpful week. He felt profound, reverential love for the one who was such an inspiration to practical, exalting, reasonable ideals.

The individual who understood, even in some measure, the Message of Krishnamurti realized its inestimable value, and also realized that all sorrow is a shadow of the valley; that hoarded, misused wealth creates envy, pride, and vanity; that no righteousness is as great as the saintliness of character; that a knowledge of life's purpose is ecstatic, perennial, eternal, unlimited, infinite; that the one who possesses, applies, and lives this knowledge will fear naught, will spare no effort to attain perfectionment, will scale determinedly the highest mountain of difficulties, will suffer undauntedly the consuming, refining fires of life's experiences, will plunge into the depths of every mystery with unwavering courage, will confound his enemies with his integrity, will hasten his evolution through the powers of his will and creative imagination, will feel no sense of discontent or of being limited because knowing of the limitless, and will finally through understanding attain to such a state of perfection and freedom that he will be liberated to choose the joyous limitations of altruistic, humanitarian service.

Such is the attainment of the purposeful existence of which Krishnamurti is the embodiment.





# Krishnamurti at the Camp

By Herbert Radcliffe



ORDINARILY Ojai is a sleepy little inland village in Southern California, nestled amongst lovely hills and mountains. It is not on the main highway of motor travel from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, and therefore is not marred by the many advertising signs and other ugly accompaniments of this self-driven age; on the contrary, it is very picturesque. The town has only one business street devoted to shops; for its entire length the sidewalk is under an arcade, and the heterogeneous contents of the shop-windows are somewhat veiled by the shade of the overhanging roof.

Ojai's "Chamber of Commerce" (if it has one—but what tiny American village has not?) would probably be scandalized by the hazardous estimate that Ojai's population is not more than 2,000 people, but even that seems a generous guess if one judges as one goes through the town. It has one hotel on the main street, with perhaps two more in the hills; one bank, the inevitable shabby post-office, and cozy homes few and far between.

But the golf-course is lovely. The wild-flowers are gorgeous. Throughout the year the evergreen live-oaks are magnificent; in fact, groves of them are to be seen here and there in a luxurious plentitude and a shapely beauty perhaps not equalled elsewhere.

But while there are these and other natural beauties—the encircling mountains, for instance, are unique in their combination of majesty and yet intimate friendliness—they would not be sufficient of themselves to lure to this little valley a very large number of visitors in Southern California which everywhere abounds in loveliness. But there is an interesting, unique event which does do this. It is the annual visit of Krishnamurti, the young Hindu from India, author, and speaker. A leading American columnist

declared recently that Krishnaji (as he is affectionately called) is the most interesting personality that has ever come to this country; many other people think so too. However, why argue about that? One must judge for oneself.

His visit is possible because several years ago some of his admirers purchased a large tract of virgin land at Ojai with the idea that he would perhaps visit it once a year in the course of his world-wide travels, and there, for a few weeks, give instruction to some of the thousands who are enamored of his ideals. It was known that he prefers to expound his ideals in the natural setting of trees, and sky, and birds, and mountains, rather than in the artificial one of public halls in congested cities.

This estate, "Starland" as it has been called, is purposely kept in its primitive state. It is many miles away from the main arteries of travel. There are no large "publicity" signs to indicate where it is. No one, except those deliberately seeking it, are apt to find it. There is no public hall. ("The groves are God's first temples.") But those who remember the ancient adage, "Seek and ye shall find," will arrive finally at a lovely grove of oaks on a sloping hillside, and there at odd times during April and May of this year were gathered anywhere from one thousand to twenty-five hundred people to hear what this remarkable young man had to say.

If they came out of sheer curiosity or idleness, they must have received the surprise of their lives. For Krishnamurti is not a timid, obeisant oriental. The very soul of real courtesy, he nevertheless does not mince his words when he is telling people what is his life's earnest purpose, his mission in thus appearing before the public. More than once has he spoken words something like these, "I hope that none of you are here merely because it is



a pleasant afternoon or because you like these natural beauties. If so, you can spend your afternoons elsewhere just as pleasantly, for other places will be more attractive to you. And please believe me when I say that I do not want any followers, and I have no disciples. Also, I do not want anything from you or from anybody else. You have nothing that I desire, neither your wealth, your flattery, nor your following."

He goes on to explain that his message is only for those who are really in earnest, trying to understand the meaning of life, trying to harmonize their lives in accordance with the true inner purpose of existence.

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An extraordinarily high note does Krishnamurti sound. And it was interesting to observe the people who came to try to understand it and to re-sound the note in their own lives. To sit amongst them, to listen to their points of view, to watch their reactions to his statements, to hear them put their personal, prejudiced questions about their problems, and to note the effect upon them of his wise replies thereto—replies which almost invariably were different from what they expected—all this was an experience which would probably be reported differently by different observers. But here at least are notes written down by an observer who found conditions so different from those to be found amongst the generality of Americans meeting *en masse* that he considered it a most interesting, delightful, unique experience.

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As to the people who were there: Judged by worldly standards, they seemed a typical cross-section of an average American intellectual gathering. Some were obviously poor, dressed in the cheapest and simplest of garb; others were "well-to-do," coming in the best of motor-cars, dressed in the latest modes, wearing fine jewels. For the most part, however, advanced out-of-door modes of Southern California were noticeable. The men in lounge, or sport suits, without hats, with sport shirts, soft collars turned down over the cloth coat-collar. Some of the women were colorful, wore the fewest clothes for

comfort, and many were stockingless and hatless. Ages ranged from boys and girls of 14 to the very old.

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There was no speaking platform. Krishnamurti spoke under a trio of oaks whose branches interlocked overhead. The people for the most part were seated on the ground; only a few were seated on light folding camp-chairs which they carried to and from the meetings.

Before Krishnamurti arrives, the scene is one, for the most part, of animation. The people seem very happy, carefree. Most of them appear to know each other. Here and there are individuals or couples that sit apart very still and pensive; the meeting evidently has a serious purpose for these. They are thinking, waiting, they may be troubled. Even those who converse seem to do so with restraint. They have heard Krishnamurti speak of the purpose of life, which means perhaps even the purpose of conversation, for there seems very little of the empty, purposeless talk, chatter, and empty laughter which usually fills the lives of the unthinking. No doubt about it, people are here to think—are thinking.

A few minutes before the time set, Krishnamurti appears with his two Hindu associates, one his business manager, the other his personal secretary, who apparently accompany him everywhere. Both are distinguished-looking, intelligent men, university graduates. All three are amiable, approachable, and most agreeable to strangers. Always at the precise time, Krishnamurti stands in position and starts his address.

Most people consider poise a rare virtue and possess little of it. He has it *in excelsis*. Most people fidget about even when they are sitting. They cross and uncross their legs, they move their hands, they twiddle their fingers, they arrange their clothes. So also most speakers are restless, they move about on the platform, they shift their feet, they sway their bodies, they gesture far too much and meaninglessly. All this diverts the attention of their hearers.

But Krishnamurti is different. He is a remarkable example of pure physical poise. On several occasions I watched him



intently to see how much he moved his body. On each occasion I noticed that his feet remained for the full half hour, or the entire hour, in exactly the position in which he placed them at the beginning. I have had twenty-five years' experience in public speaking myself; in all that time he is the only person I have observed who did not change his bodily position frequently while speaking. He has few gestures, and those are used only when they mean something. For the most part he raises his right forefinger in front of his face and with a short movement emphasizes the point he wishes to make. His language is pure, precise, condensed. His similes are poetic. He knows the value of words and is almost too sparing of them. His speech is distinct, fairly rapid, his enunciation good. Difficult as is outdoor speaking, his voice nevertheless always could be heard unless there were untoward outside noises which he could not control. He is intensely earnest. While naturally good-natured, with a rare sense of humor, he rarely jests in speaking, as if the occasion required his utilizing every moment for the serious purpose in hand.

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There were meetings at which he answered questions that were put sometimes in writing and sometimes orally. Sometimes these showed that his viewpoint had not been rightly understood, or even directly misunderstood or perverted by the questioner. Small wonder! For while his ideas seem the very essence of simplicity when he says them, most people have so many antecedent prejudices encumbering their minds that they complicate and distort even the simple. It is true that a single beam of white sunlight can be broken up into the seven primary colors by passing it through a prism; but if a person used a distorted medium that showed a grotesque disproportion of one color over another, we should hardly consider that a legitimate prismatic analysis of a sunbeam.

The replies showed a marvelous patience in dealing with these perverted questions. For example, at a recent public lecture, after he had dwelt on the need for self-reliance in each individual in order to bring out his own inherent strength to

overcome the difficulties of life, one questioner asked: "Shall I succeed in business?" The audience tittered at this inquiry, so reminiscent of the cheapest kind of clairvoyant quackery. But Krishnamurti did not join in the laughter, though for a moment his face wore a disappointed expression, as if he felt hopeless over ever trying to make his high ideals clear to people. But he answered. "We should not laugh at this; no doubt this person is in earnest. But I answer that he probably will not succeed because he is in doubt of his own intention to succeed. He must have more confidence in himself."

Other questions at the Camp dealt with marriage, divorce, education of children, politics, art, religion, traditions, ceremonial. Probably no other living person would answer these as Krishnamurti does. He has a central point of view to which he invariably returns. He cannot be swerved from it, insisting that until that point of view is understood, the meaning of life cannot be understood, and if the meaningful purpose of life is not understood it is impossible to answer any of life's questions.

When the subject is chosen by himself, he proceeds in a steady way to unfold it. His illustrations are nearly always taken from nature. The mountain, the river, the tree, the leaf, the sky, the sun, the dancing shadow, the stagnation of motionless pools—these are some of the subjects of his similes.

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What is it that draws people to hear and see Krishnamurti again and again?

Occasionally a casual visitor comes out of curiosity, but he is not apt to come again. The talks are too mental, too penetrating, to be entertaining to any except serious-minded and thinking people. And while he is very approachable, readily meeting anyone desiring it, he has a lightning discrimination, and does not waste much time on conversation with those who have no intelligent motive in meeting him.

It is evident that the large majority of those who regularly attend his meetings have a strongly impelling reason. They not only put up with inconvenience and expense in going to Ojai to week-end



meetings, but the inconvenience is much greater in the case of those who attend the regular annual encampment, where they must spend a whole week, living day and night in uncomfortable tents which are hastily thrown up for that purpose. Why do they do it, and joyfully, too?

The answer is not so simple. To understand it at all one has to live and move amongst the people who surround Krishnamurti at these encampments, hear what they say, feel what they feel, think what they think, and do what they do with their time and their service.

There are a number of types rather clearly defined. One is that which sees in Krishnamurti the symbol of something which they admire intensely, by which they are willing to be led, but which they find difficulty in translating in terms of direct words. If you asked some of them the question, In what respects are your daily actions different from what they were before you met this man? they might find it difficult to answer specifically.

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It is as if behind his lovely, ascetic face and figure they sense the wisdom, the self-possession, the assurance, the poised power, the certainty of the man. He is vigorous, incisive, direct, courageous, vibrant with life and strength—all the elements which they lack. He does not have to struggle with the realities and difficulties of life, as they do: he has overcome them. He is to them a conqueror.

The psychoanalysts explain that nearly always men of undersized physical stature smoke huge black cigars, like big people and things, because of the comforting assurance of size and strength they unconsciously get from them: so this type finds Krishnamurti great, the antipode of what they themselves are. He is to them a character symbol of what they would like to be; he is more than anybody else they have seen, gives them greater ideas of life.

In the debates and clash of ideas that sometimes arise when his questioners (not always with a kindly spirit) are trying to compel him to their point of view, or to modify some previous statement so as to make it conform with their ideas, Krishnamurti holds his ground (albeit with

charming courtesy), repeats the grounds of his convictions, and always leaves the impression that he is surer of his position than are his adversaries, and that he has besides a tremendous reserve of Truth with which to buttress his case. He may not always be clearly understood nor convincing to some of his opponents, but he is always the calm, joyous, emotional and mental victor. To the mass of the people—especially the type under observation—he is the symbol of unshakable spiritual conviction.

Krishnamurti himself tells with amusement of one of his countrymen in India who said, "I just admire you because of your good looks, I don't need to understand your teachings."

If the critical protest that this is a foolish attitude, then perhaps it may be answered that human interest and affection often begin in the simplest form of hero-worship, and that as people see and hear and think more of their hero they are apt to transcend the mere physical adoration, and find emotional and mental reasons for still admiring their idol and trying to emulate his virtues in their own lives.

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There is another type that is much in evidence in the throngs at Ojai. It might be called the emotionally-predominant type. They are among the most enthusiastic of Krishnamurti's supporters. They laugh at every jest of his, shake their heads in approval of every emphatic statement, applaud with gusto at every opportunity, and explode through "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "Wonderful's." They would gladly genuflect to him if he would permit it—which he does not—so they make a profound interior emotional obeisance to him.

As it is true that this type is emotionally exalted over Krishnamurti, it is also true that in the inevitable law of periodic reaction they are equally depressed. When what he says seems to confirm their beliefs they are exceedingly happy, but when (as often happens) he upsets some of their loved convictions and fixed ideas, they are correspondingly depressed.

It seems increasingly evident that a clear mental understanding of Krishna-



murti's Message and ideals is essential to any true or consistent appreciation of the man. And this type is more emotional than mental. If they are asked after one of his talks to state what he said, the answer would in effect be, "Oh, it was marvelous, so uplifting, so spiritual," but they would find it almost impossible to state specifically their understanding of the mental concepts which he enunciated. Yet they follow on.

Krishnamurti said more than once in his talks at Ojai that he does not want followers; that those who agree with him without a true understanding and self-reliant judgment are like dead leaves that will be blown hither and yon when the first storm comes. One wonders where the emotional type will find themselves when the world begins to awaken somewhat to the real purport of his revolutionary teachings. For those teachings reveal the hypocrisy and emptiness of much that is now deemed morally "right" and respectable in the religious, economic, social, and political world. His teachings "show up" the selfishness of smug respectability, of spiritual snobbery, of entrenched avaricious interests, and when those strata of human life are unpleasantly stirred and disclosed, they are apt to snarl and strike at the disturber of their peace and try to rend him to pieces. How many of the emotional type of Krishnamurti's admirers will be strong enough to come to the support of his teachings when that time comes?

History has too often proved that those who enthusiastically and emotionally approve any leader without a real, intelligent understanding of his doctrines are very apt also emotionally and enthusiastically to disapprove with equal enthusiasm when

his doctrines are for some reason made unpopular.

One might suggest to the emotional type not to lose its enthusiasm, but to use it by devoting time to profound study of Krishnamurti's spoken and printed words, and then an application to daily life of the ideals which he impresses.

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Which brings us to a consideration of the third type, much smaller numerically, but the one to which Krishnamurti's appeal will mean the most. They also have the physical admiration and the emotional enthusiasm, but to these they add a mental comprehension which is the result of deliberate intellectual exercise in the study and analysis of his life and words.

To Krishnamurti's books one must turn for a description of the elements which enable one to belong to this third type: To live a harmonious life, with a properly balanced interplay among the physical, the emotional, and the mental factors that comprise the being we call man; to utilize consciously and deliberately the events of daily existence; to analyze with critical intelligence one's own limitations; to strive ceaselessly for the development of one's inner powers and possibilities; to develop self-reliance and self-judgment; to understand the world without and its relationship to the world within—these are a few of the items in the daily spiritual regimen which Krishnamurti advocates for the attainment of that permanent inner spiritual health which he embodies, and to which those who have understood even partially are trying to attain. To them he seems a veritable proof of the teachings he expounds. They find in him a living witness of the perfection to which they themselves aspire.





# Krishnamurti in the Greenwood

By Mae Van Norman Long

(Impressions of Star Camp, 1929)



WOOD paths have always seemed to me like cathedral crypts; but as I sat in the Oak Grove of Starland at the morning lectures, or in the clearing at the Camp Fire at night, I thought only of the freedom, the glory of the out-of-doors. From now on the open skies, the fresh fields, the woods will always be inseparably associated in my mind with the Message of Krishnamurti.

After all, when we are close to nature our innate understanding of values is prone to assert itself, we are less embarrassed by artificialities, not so much "stifled by custom." Once in the greenwood, Mother Nature makes poets of us all.

Krishnamurti spoke to us in the heart of the greenwood every morning; and there we had some informal discussions. On Wednesday we had our first one, which if it evoked a good many "Ohs" and "Ahs" of delight, rather too audibly expressed, nevertheless resulted in a happy feeling of *camaraderie* which spread through the entire Camp and by high noon became a flame of enthusiasm, ignited by the common desire to *understand*.

The Oak Grove and the Camp Fire,—names to conjure with. I have seen many Camp Fires, some in tepee shape built by hunters in the wilds of Idaho, some low-burning after the fashion of cowboys and Indians who make small fires to cook by, some of driftwood gathered by children on lake shores where the glow of the embers was reflected in the rippling water, but none like the Camp Fires of Starland. These were *different*. Faggots were used for the structure, erected in a special way. When the torch was applied by Krishnamurti the flames shot up like a rocket. The burst of glory was instantaneous. There was no ceremony connected with the lighting of the fire; it served to give pleasure and beauty, and thus

fulfilled its mission. It was a keen pleasure to sit watching the flames as they writhed upward, sending a shower of sparks to weave an arabesque of gold against the dark shrubbery; they darted and danced, menaced and beguiled, to settle down eventually into a gentle glimmer illuminating the scene with gentle radiance.

The presiding genius of the Camp Fire was of course Krishnamurti. His voice, sonorous, powerful—in contrast to his quiet, daytime tones—echoed among the trees, was thrown back from the rocks. We watched him, drawn to him by his strange beauty, power, and wisdom—the clean daring of his spirit. He is like a spur, but he is also like a fresh breeze, and a draught of cold water to the weary.

The descent to the little brown tent-houses following the Camp Fire was even more fascinating than the ascent to it in the early twilight—if a bit more treacherous; but who would mind an occasional stumble in the dark, looking back at the low-burning embers, or above at the lamps of the unknown avenues of the skies, or before us, where we saw the lights of scattered homes in the Valley. The myriads of flash-lights sent glittering broken arcs and dots and dashes of gold over the ground. We were all very quiet, thinking of the Messenger, or looking forward to the repose of the night. I would almost say the beginning and ending of each day was perfect, for the blue and gold morning stirred us to action, and the quiet peace of the night brought surcease.

The Camp was a bustling hive of activity, viewed at any hour of the day. If one found time to idle, there was the charming bookshop under the oaks shaded by red and yellow awnings where he was invited to browse among "Life in Freedom," "The Immortal Friend," "The Kingdom of Happiness," these accompanied by Claud Bragdon's latest, Dr. van



der Leuw's "Conquest of Illusion"—and a few others of like nature. Also where one subscribed to, or secured copies of the *International Bulletin* and our own loved *Star Magazine*.

If one were thirsty, a visit to the Canteen where ice cream, fruits, and tea was dispensed, sent one away with thirst allayed to await an excellent dinner.

There were diversions in the form of artistic dancing, music, and the drama. On Sunday afternoon Ruth St. Denis gave a beautiful dance interpretive of Krishnamurti's poems. On Saturday three one-act plays were presented under the direction of Beatrice Wood. In connection with all these delightful features I could not help thinking that one sometimes finds the foot of the rainbow amid a more or less conventional environment.

There was also the Children's Camp, unexpectedly encountered down a long grey road, among the ubiquitous oaks, where the wee ones were regaled with games and stories, and permitted to gambol in a well-ordered playground. There was "Starlette," the school and nursery for very little strangers, superintended by capable heads and efficient hands, so that mothers could escape to the lectures entirely quailless and free, leaving the babes in the safe harbor of hushabye songs—and cuddlings, if necessary.

In the hours of our freedom from Camp duties some of us went riding, some driving; there were a few who swam in the large pool at Matilija; a good many indulged in hikes; a few in tennis in the Ojai. The cool Oak Grove invited those who desired complete relaxation. Here were birds, butterflies, and drowsy bees, here were grateful shade and pungent breezes. The birds responded to the lure of the Oak Grove: I saw there the pine siskin, linnet, warbler, brown thrush, and mocking-bird; I heard voices that assured me there were many others close at hand. I thought of the nests that must be swinging, cleverly concealed, overhead, "half-way houses on the road to heaven." Life was everywhere, "evenly present," as some one has expressed it. Is it so strange that in the long last a man "from the green fields" has appeared to tell us about it?

I think of the Camp as a bright spot in my more or less humdrum round of living. I think of Krishnamurti as the man "from the green fields," from the open road, with uncompromising words, offering us the sparkling waters of Life. I think of the many who were at the Camp as comrades of his—comrades of Life itself—wondering, stumbling, yearning, but pressing on.

Where shall we be in another year in May? Together? I hope so; perhaps fully emerged on the open road to freedom.

## *First Find Your Goal*

By Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D.



HE opening up of the "direct Path to Life, Truth, and happiness" as was presented to us by Krishnamurti, at the recent Camp Congress at Ojai, is something so new as a possibility in human progress from emotion-desire-mentality to spirituality, that even earnest seekers for divine knowledge need time to adjust to it.

The Divine Path which he puts before us is not an obligation; it is a great opportunity for hastening our own and the world evolution. Through the freeing

of the latent power of intuition within us, we can be made of greater service to the world, as units composing it.

Many people have had little glimpses of this intuitional consciousness, but have not yet been able to connect the experience with the potential faculty within themselves, which practically has lain inert, unreachable, unused, until now, when the time and the Teacher have both come.

The words of Krishnamurti, "First find your goal," outline the first definite step on the direct Path to freedom from sorrow. The first attempt to find the goal



may plunge one into a maelstrom of doubt, that doubt which he urges is so necessary to progress. It is anything but a glad surprise to find in your mind, awaiting your search, a chaos of small, lower-type goals, goals of the past, which demand consideration. Among them the enchantress Gullveig—gold thirst, thrice-burnt—often remains quite clamorous for a time.

Even seemingly greater goals which you summon after mercilessly discarding the lesser claimants, fail to satisfy, and finally the soul begins to glimpse that nothing less than the ultimate Truth, the supreme revelation of the Beloved within, can ever answer the complete need of man. From that moment the search is translated into happiness.

The word *goal* itself suggests a center of stability, a desired point to be, or already, attained. And in the word itself there is a hidden power, a power to hold that desired point fixed. It is the point of arrest for the mind because of its hidden power, and its fixedness; the mind must stop its other activities to study it.

The goal is the door to the direct Path. Whatever the achievements of the seeker, great or small, they are measured here by the quality of the motive, the purity, steadfastness, and "ecstasy of purpose." Here also in seeking for the goal you find the starting-point for the solution of your individual problem, which, as Krishnamurti tells us, is one with the world problem. "If the individual problem can be solved by understanding, so also can the problem of the world thus be solved."

The goal, as applied to civilization at this present time, means among other things, that the way is open for anyone who will follow directions, to become an active helper in improving present conditions, and in preparing for the near-at-hand new Race to be, a Race which will appear to people of our present stage as super-men, super-women, super-children.

One can almost realize that the secret of a well-ordered life for young and old, for our present age as well as for the age just ushering in, is wrapped up in these four words: "First find your goal." While the goal is being sought, all the virtue side of life is being awakened; the lower mind begins to come under the control of the Beloved within, the power stored in the more refined emotions forces itself into the channels of thought, and the light of intuition begins to appear. These words coming to our bewildered, goalless humanity through the Teacher himself, are charged with a divine, magnetic love and compassion that embraces all life, and all life must learn of it.

It brings a glow into the heart and an intense desire to help, when one imagines, visualizes, the growing youth of the future possessing the super-powers of the goal as natural faculties in active use. If the four words could be taught with necessary explanations, in short series, often repeated, in schools, colleges, universities, homes, the face of civilization might be changed within a generation.

"First find your goal."





# *Impressions at Star Camp*

By Arthur Jacoby



HAVING travelled more than three thousand miles past highland and lowland, over swiftly flowing streams and sluggish waters, through barren, bleak deserts, and fertile smiling fields, past seething cities crammed with all variety of humanity, we finally arrived at our destination, the Star Camp, Ojai, California.

At once, we felt the spirit of peace which pervades this quiet valley. On one side we viewed the majestic mountains, on which rested, though not for long, the tired clouds. On the other side was the rolling countryside, delighting the eye with myriad shades of green. A short distance away, a herd of horses played in the cool shelter of the friendly trees. And down through the fields a tiny brook came bubbling by, singing its song, whether we listened or not.

To us, who had emerged out of the restricted area of a huge congested city, all this was of much significance. Here, if anywhere in nature, is beauty, is breadth, is freedom.

Let us see what manner of people we are who are attracted to this place: Of course, we ourselves are normal, we are noted for our normalcy! But many others may have found their way here who are odd and queer, and who follow blindly to any spot that a leader may point his commanding finger; in our own wisdom, we shall make due allowance for these fanatical creatures. Does not philosophy teach us that it is only in her moments of abnormality that evolution reveals herself? We, who are part of the mass, conform to other parts—but the one who “steps out” is different. He is a “sport” in the technical sense; he is a target for our quips and scorn and wit. But this is too diverting a side path, let us return to the main road.

The first point of contact on this main road was the Registration Department.

We had been requested to have our receipts with us, and we had fully intended to have them in our well-stuffed pockets. But lo! with our much-vaunted self-competence, when asked to produce these papers, they could not be found. Hurriedly we searched through our clothes, a line of other applicants was forming behind us that showed some signs of impatience; when a sickly cast of thought came stealing over us. We had securely locked these receipts in our travelling case which had been sent on ahead, in our eagerness to have every detail attended to beforehand; and the key was in another suit; and we could not recall if it really *was* in that suit; and—

“No matter,” said a kindly voice, “we have your record, and here is your tent assignment.”

Well, that embarrassing problem was solved, so to speak, without our aid. In our tent the case had been delivered, and to confirm our unfailing judgment, we delved into the suit—but those elusive receipts were elsewhere. We consoled ourselves with the philosophical uncton, which we accepted as an axiom:

What is experience? It is what you get when you are looking for something else.

Our tent was soon set in order, and we sauntered out to gain further experience. No sooner resolved than done. Here is the Transportation Department, and if there is any subject that we had literally studied backward and forward it was trains. We had become familiar with railroad routes and time-tables, with their rules and their exceptions, so that the latter were more important than the former—they were honored more in the breach than in the performance. No railroad man could fluster us with nicknames and composition of trains, their numbers, their arrivals and departures; in fact, after months of effort we were almost able to



understand those intricate, tantalizing devices, the time-tables.

Into the Transportation Department we strode. An executive was at a table. He looked like business. As soon as our foot entered his room, he was at attention. Just a moment. Let us think. What did we come for? Oh, yes—now we remember. In order to be fully prepared a week hence, we confidently asked for accommodations on the 9:52 train leaving the junction point, homeward bound.

"I'm sorry, sir, I cannot provide them."

Oh ho! here's a snag.

"Why not?" asked "we," with our thumb in the armpit of the vest, twirling the fingers so that we might plainly register superior knowledge.

"Because there is no such train. There is a 9:22 on which I shall furnish what you desire."—More experience!

Exit, with the hand back in its rightful position; and with a slow and thoughtful step "we" returned to the tent. Instead of relating to our patient better-half how efficient we were with our train preparations, we remained silent and admired the scenery. Many, many are the incidents of omission.

In our meanderings we had observed a Police Department. We determined to investigate this branch of the service, and perhaps get a little fun out of it. We had so often seen rural police caricatured. It was a harmless diversion. Nevertheless, we were going to be a little cautious now, and before walking into any difficulty, we peeped in.

The Chief of Police was at work. He suddenly arose from his chair and proceeded to another part of his tent. He looked like a true product of the west, brimful of life and energy. Here was an upstanding, vigorous man, whose step was not uncertain. (When a man knows where he is going, one can generally see it by his walk.) Surely, we thought, this must be an imported article, as he is too much to the manner born. He is probably hired for this job. Great was our surprise and confusion to see him right about face, cast his searching eyes upon us, and display on his robust chest the circular badge of the Star Camp. Straight and purposeful sounded his grave, stentorian voice.

"Well, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said we, with an even more serious mien. (There was nothing to have fun with here.) We retired, wiser, and went our way.

Cigarettes being out of order, we nonchalantly pulled out our watch, and to our relief noticed that lunch time would soon arrive. The line outside the cafeteria had formed, and as each was eventually supplied with his rations, the line was quickly melting. Inside the cafeteria was revealed the workings of a smooth system. No hesitation here; every one was expeditiously furnished with his food, and out under the picturesque pergola we wended our way to enjoy this repast in the sweet, open air.

Glancing around, we noted the large numbers of people, all animated, and in interesting conversation. A bright blue-eyed lady opposite smiled and asked us where we came from. An opportunity for more experience had arisen, and we rose unsuspectingly to meet it.

"A prodigious distance," said "we," sensing the importance of the occasion. "We have journeyed over three thousand miles to be in this spot at this time."

Judging her to be a native of some locality near by, we asked her how far she had travelled.

"From New Zealand, sir," said she.

"Oh!" said we, and more humbly looked at our neighbor on our own side of the table. This individual was an elderly man who certainly could not have journeyed from any great distance, as appearances were against its probability. We used the same approach.

"In order to come here, we were obliged to leave our home three thousand miles away," proudly biting off a piece of well-baked bread.

"Is that so?" said he in the clearest and most delicately tinged inflection. "And we have recently arrived from Wales!"—still more experience.

Here, then, was an assemblage of people gathered from all parts of the world for one purpose—to seek enlightenment. And at night this was given in full measure, at the Camp Fire. Seekers wended their way there early in the evening and formed a great circle in the glow of the



fading twilight. As the darkness finally descended, a figure emerged from among the old trees. It was silent, but it came forward with a firm step. Silence prevailed. Krishnamurti was among us at last. Straight to the center of the circle he walked, upheld a flaming torch, lighted the fire, and behold! the darkness was dispelled. The light shone on everyone's face; and then came the Message, carrying the light to minds and hearts.

Let abler minds convey their understanding of it. That Message reached our ears and attempted to penetrate our consciousness. Would we let it? Can we make it a part of ourselves? Shall we be able to clothe "every act with understanding?"

The words were simple. The ideas were framed so that we might apprehend them—would we but open our minds and comprehend them. There used to be a faith only in a ponderous philosophy, and many still believe in profundity; but the manner of this talk was most appealing, truly inspiring, so real.

Some speakers gas their audience and leave them gasping for breath. Here is

one who, knowing when to stop, electrifies, and leaves his hearers glowing with some of the eternal verities, whether they assimilate all or few of them. There is an alertness, there is an intense, thrilling vitality in his speech, yet also a moving touch of sympathy, often suffused with a keen sense of humor.

To each one that Message must necessarily mean something different. No two persons are standing at the same point, consequently their outlook cannot coincide; their horizons will vary. But as we are all impelled to move, that horizon, like our difficulties, recedes, the closer we approach it. It must be ever thus.

Our purpose in writing these words was but to sketch in some of the little details which help in painting the entire picture. That purpose may be summed up in saying that attendance at a Camp of Krishnamurti's is a thrilling experience. Contacts with Truth are made which are lasting. The Star Camp leaves its mark on all its participants. And that mark is one of the signs which distinguishes those who desire to know the purpose, the meaning of existence, from those who are indifferent to it.

## *All—All is Life*

By F. W. Mettler

Ojai Camp, 1929



ARKNESS, silence, death. To those who weep

These are the ghoulish goblins of despair

That haunt the graveyard of their hopes, and keep

By day and night their ghostly vigil there.

Darkness, silence, death.

There is no darkness. E'en the gloomiest night,

Its blackness unrelieved by one faint ray,

Had we but eyes to see, is filled with light  
More radiant and brilliant than the day.

There is no darkness.

There is no silence. What may so appear,

With melody mysterious softly rings.

The universe, had we but ears to hear,

With harmony celestial sweetly sings.

There is no silence.

For all is life. That which we call death's portal,

To those who hear and see and think aright,

Is but the gate to higher realms immortal,

Where there is naught but Love and Life and Light.

All, all is Life.



# Starland and the Star Camp

By Helen R. Crane



TARLAND at Ojai has again pulsed and throbbed with life, and again it has grown quiet. The second Star Camp Congress has come and gone. Over seven hundred members of the Order of the Star and others journeyed from all parts of America and from Canada, Burma, India, Java, Australia, Mexico, and South America, as well as from several of the European countries, to sit about the Camp Fire and listen to the words of Krishnamurti.

Archeologists tell us how this Ojai Valley was once the meeting-place, the council ground, of the Chumash, Mugo, and Matilija tribes of Indians, and that here on the lovely hillside now called Starland they transacted their business. A few relics of these long-past visitors have been dug up by modern workmen while they were building the Star kitchen, bath-houses, making roads, and laying water-pipes.

The Indians of the Ojai Valley were mostly of the Chumash tribe—many thousands came from Point Conception, San Diego, and also the Channel Islands. Cabrillo, on his arrival among them, found them a peace-loving, easy-going, healthy, handsome type of Indian. They lived in villages along the coast, and had large wooden canoes for use in crossing the Channel to Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Nicholas Islands. They are considered by archeologists as the only really peaceable tribe on the coast. They were lovers of the sea and shore life, as their villages tell us now—huge mounds of shells, remains of seal, and many varieties of fish relics being found near all burial places, the burial place being always in some particular village.

The Meiners' Oaks and Ojai district, where the Camp was held, were especially favored as a meeting-place for the Indians, with the interior mountain and plain tribes, who came for purification in the hot and sacred waters of the springs at Matilija near Starland. The many "sweat-houses" were then where Star Camp is now. This meeting time of the different tribes was given over to fasting and sacred dances at different times in the year.

The festival of the Harvest Moon was the time of the gathering of acorns from the oak trees. These were shelled and the nutmeats used as a bread-stuff and for a nut drink. Part of the present Starland was then a lake-bed and marsh, and the acorns dropped by the Indians in the process of gathering in time took root

and became the great oaks that now so thickly dot the land.

The Indians always buried their dead with some, mostly their favorite, utensils, such as bowls, mortars, and the pestles used for grinding and pounding the nuts in the mortars. These have been found three to four feet under the surface of the earth in the graves. They dug them on the shores of this one-time lake—Starland. Many beads are found there, also the vertebrae of fish. The abalone shell of changing colors was most highly valued for decoration of the person, and it was cut and polished into various button forms, strung on deerskin and tendons, and these were used as the coin of the day.

The Indian tribes of the interior came here to get this abalone coin and ornament, exchanging discoveries of the "medicine men" and the priestly ideas of the "Great Spirit" whom they all worshipped and who directed them all.

They were worshippers of Nature in every form: the sun, the moon, stars, mountains, lightning, rain, clouds, flowers, animals, and reptiles.

The Ojai Valley haze at sunrise is permanently impressed, aquiver with the images of the chants and songs of these strange nature-peoples of the long past.

Much of the above interesting data was given by Mr. Corte C. Bonestell, of the Santa Barbara Museum. He possesses sixteen per cent of Indian blood.

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Once a year at the present, another gathering of peoples, a council, is held on this same ancient Indian meeting ground; a council of people who gather here to discuss the realities of life, under the leadership of one who has attained reality—Krishnamurti.

And these newcomers sit upon the ground, as did those men of another age, and when the evening comes, and it is cold, they too gather in a circle about a glowing bonfire.

But as before stated, the council is not held in these days to discuss the trading of fish and skins; today the men and women about the great burning logs are not interested in discussing markets with the man who stands at the head of the group. They question him about that reality of Life, that liberation which is his—and about the Beloved within.

"I am that full flower which is the glory of Life," he says, "I am that whole—I am the fullness to which the world must come."

"Either you want this fullness or you



do not. If you really want it, you will sacrifice everything for it. You have to make up your mind what you are going to do; either belong to the congregation of the dead, or break down the barriers, throw aside all the unessentials, and come forth into the sunshine.

"When the sunshine comes you put out your candle, no matter how much you may love that candle, no matter how soft the light may be. What I say is the absolute, the whole, and you must give up all for it if you want the Truth. If you want the unessential, take it, but don't try to play with both. Either you want that incorruptibility which is Life, or you want comfort. Many of you are uncertain which you want, and in your uncertainty you are not anxious to find out your choice."

Then he tells them that many people do not think that he means what he says; that they are ever translating him to make him fit into their patterns of pettiness; that instead of trying to grasp the universality of his words, people rearrange them so that they, the words, will agree with long preconceived ideas.

"You translate me to suit your convenience. If what I say fits in with your preconceived notions you accept it, otherwise you say I do not mean it. Friends, I speak the Truth. What are you seeking? If you want comfort you will have innumerable gods, new shrines, new lights, new literature, that will choke all the life out of your heart.

"It all depends upon which you will have, upon your capacity to understand, and upon your purposefulness, enthusiasm, and ecstasy. Don't you see, you cannot accept what I say, your ideas must be born in you?

"How can I tell you what is essential? I know what is essential for me and how I have attained it. To me the Truth is to be free from all desire, to be free from all experience. You must realize that no one can save you but yourself. The greatness of man is that no one can save him but himself: that is the glory of man!

"You must worship Life, not the gods created by Life: Life is free, untrammelled. You must give up your toys; they are all toys, no matter by what glorified name you call them. One man who is sincere, who understands, is worth a multitude of those who cry praise but do not understand; he shall live from everlasting to everlasting."

Every morning at ten o'clock in the Oak Grove, under a group of beautiful live-oaks, whose leafy branches give shade from the hot sun, and every evening at seven-thirty, out in a small, tree-encircled field on the hillside, where the fading light in the sky can be traced, and where the stars and the silver path of the moon may be watched, the people

gathered during the week of the Star Camp.

Krishnamurti spoke every morning, and again at every Camp Fire, except one. That evening the program was taken over by Henry Eicheim, the well-known American violinist and student of music, who has spent so many years in the Orient, studying the different musical systems of several countries. Mr. Eicheim spoke of music that was fifteen hundred years old, but which was as "modern" as anything being written today; and he also related how no new music has been written in China in sixty years, because their music is so perfect that no new composition can be made.

At the conclusion of his very delightful talk he and Mrs. Eicheim played several of his Oriental compositions on the violin and the piano. These were impressions which he had built around the sounds he had heard in some of those distant lands; they are created around the ringing of the temple-bells, the cries in the market-places, the song-birds, and the chant of worshippers on their way to morning and evening prayer.

Dr. James Cousins of Adyar, so beloved by Theosophists for his exceptionally beautiful articles in "The Theosophist" on art and poetry, introduced Mr. Eicheim, and told of his thoughtful research work in the East, of the years this musician has spent in an endeavor to understand what the Orient is saying through its music.

Camp-week was a very busy and happy week for all. One met friends, on the Street of the Green Lantern or the Street of the Blue Lantern, that one had not seen perhaps since last Camp, but in all probability everyone was on his way to a meeting or some important engagement, and so a word of greeting and a hand-clasp had to suffice. And after all, one seemed to realize here that friendship does not consist in the number of words spoken but in silent understanding.

And so the Camp has come and gone, and we have all left the Ojai Valley with the words of Krishnamurti ringing in our ears. But alas! it may be they are not sufficiently clear in our minds and in our hearts! Over seven hundred of us listened, but did the hundreds of us understand? And he, with his infinite patience, will repeat over and over again next summer as he did this, the eternal verities which it seems so difficult for us to grasp.

"There is no such thing as failure for him who tries," he said, in regard to discouragement. "If I had not the strength to climb up to the mountain-top, if I fall down by the way, I have not failed. I fail only if I do not make an effort to climb.

"It is not a sign of mediocrity to fall, but it is a sign of mediocrity if you fall off a low place."



# Three Plays at the Star Camp

By Beatrice Wood



FINDING a long play, suitable for open air, is not an easy matter, as most such plays are pageants, or sentimental in character, preferably adapted for high schools. Someone solved what seemed a hopeless problem by saying: "Instead of a mediocre long play put on three one-act plays by good modern authors, and do not worry whether they are for the outdoors or not. You can adapt the stage, if necessary to inside sets by the use of suggestive screens." The dramatic committee thereupon decided upon Barrie's "Rosalind," Miles Malleson's "Michael," adapted from Tolstoi's story, "What Men Live By," and Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets."

The plays were given in the afternoon while the audience sat on a grassy slope facing a stage backed and shaded by magnificent oaks. In the distance through the branches and bushes could be seen the blue hills of the valley. A hedge with brilliant flowers, a little cottage with green shutters, a fence, a clothes line, and three different sets of furniture served as scenery. The program opened with "Rosalind," the story of a middle-aged actress who, in a floppy dressing-gown, is enjoying a cup of tea. A young man comes to the garden to rest and, on the table, espies a photograph of Beatrice Page, an actress. Believing that the middle-aged lady is the mother of the actress, he reveals that he is in love with the daughter, only to have the mother finally admit that she has no daughter, but is the actress herself, incognito, on a vacation, enjoying for once her real age and some comfortable clothes.

The boy is overwhelmed by the truth, and doubtful of her identity, but when a telegram arrives that suddenly calls the actress back to London, and she at last puts on her enchanting dress of the city, he forgets the disillusion of a few minutes past, and once more becomes a slave to her beauty and high spirits.

The story was creditably acted by Dot Crotty, as a shrewd old landlady, Beatrice Wood, who (charmingly and skillfully, Ed.) interpreted the actress (and who, in addition, directed the three plays), and Clayton Bailey, who, as the boy, brought a convincing note of charm and youth.

A fine Russian atmosphere was sustained throughout the play "Michael," adapted from Tolstoi's story, "What Men Live By." It deeply moved the audience by its compelling beauty. The story is of a peasant who accidentally finds a naked stranger on the road, and brings

him back to his poverty-stricken home so that he will not starve. For three years the stranger lives with the peasant and his wife, during which time he maintains a mysterious silence as to himself. Three times, however, he smiles in an extraordinary, exalted manner, and they ask him why he smiles so. At last he reveals himself and says that he is an angel from heaven who disobeyed God, and that he had been cast upon earth to learn three truths. It was at the time that he learned each truth that he smiled. He told them that in three experiences he had at last discovered that men live not for themselves but for love of each other. And speaking "It is love alone by which they live," he raises his arms to the open heavens and disappears through the trees, leaving them once more alone.

Miss Betty Aho, a young Finnish actress of considerable experience, portrayed the role of the peasant woman with compelling power and understanding, bringing out impressively the mystical quality of the peasant soul. William Moran, as her husband, likewise sustained a convincing interpretation, and Robert White, as the angel descended to earth, gave a spiritual quality to a somewhat difficult role. Others playing with great sincerity were John Field, Clara Thiessen, Robert Bowen, and Genevieve Rupertus.

"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is a typical Shaw production. Shakespeare has made a rendezvous with his mistress, the Dark Lady, and goes to meet her in a garden of the royal palace. Instead of finding her he accidentally meets Queen Elizabeth walking in her sleep, awakens her, and, not realizing who she is, begins to make love to her. At an awkward moment, when he is trying passionately to embrace the Queen, the Dark Lady arrives, does not recognize the Queen, and, blinded with rage, strikes them both.

On the effusive flatteries of the gallant Shakespeare as to the Queen's fascination, the Dark Lady is forgiven, and the act ends with the Queen granting Shakespeare a boon to build a national theatre for the production of his plays.

Miss Maude George, who has acted in many of Von Stroheim's pictures, played the Virgin Queen with subtlety and humor; she is one of the most magnetic and intelligent actresses on the American stage, and leaves an impress of originality on every part she creates. Lelant Stuart agreeably played the inspired bard, and Mona Thompson the jealous mistress, while Edward Philbrooke brought a delightful touch of bluntness to the part of the "beef-eater."



# PRESS NOTICES OF STAR CAMP

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There is lack of space for all the fine press notices about the Camp and recent meetings, but the following are a few of them:

Over seven hundred intensely interested persons have spent the past four days and nights at the now internationally famous Star Camp near Meiners' Oaks where J. Krishnamurti is setting before them his ideas on life. Housed in row upon row of neat brown tents, cared for under a system of management which works smoothly and unhurriedly to create necessary comfort in an isolated spot, the crowds move quietly and happily about visiting with friends from remote quarters of the globe or going up the slope from the plain below to the hillside where Krishnamurti speaks in the shade of the oaks.

On Monday arrivals were registered, their baggage whisked off to their tents by a willing crew of volunteers and the Camp was explored. Meals were served from a spotless cafeteria building, the campers carrying their trays to the bough-covered pergola under which the tables are set. In the evening at dusk with star shine faint above the oaks, all gathered at the camp fire site and from a distance were heard the exquisite tones of a Bach concerto played by the violinists Alice Green and Monica Ros to the piano accompaniment of Vida Reed Stone. Krishnamurti lit the fire and its fierce beauty caught the attention of all for many minutes. Robert Logan, Y. Prasad, and Louis Zalk all introduced by Krishnamurti spoke briefly and then the main personage at the Camp—Krishnaji, as he is affectionately called—told of his hopes for the Camp. He urged his hearers to enter upon the week free from preconceptions and prejudices; to be ready to listen intelligently to his talks and to consider for themselves what he would say. He especially stressed the need of affection in human contacts during the week, not in a silly way but affection "in the nicest sense."

Tuesday morning's gathering in the Oak Grove heard the young teacher declare the glory of man to be that he must save himself; that he must make his own effort to change and to develop that perfection which is "the flower of human life."

On Wednesday evening Krishnamurti risked chanting as he used to last year, a beautiful Hindu chant, as the fire burst into upward-leaping flames. He begged his hearers not to be superstitious and think that the chant was in some way mysterious.

His talk was again of the necessity of man's seeing the goal for himself. The shake of the head and the appreciative smile he set aside as of very little impor-

tance but he emphasized the need for the perception which will enable man to establish within himself the poise which is "the true harmony, the fulfillment of life."

Wednesday night's music was by Eugenie Egloff, 'cellist, Elizabeth Trevors, violinist, and Vida Reed Stone, pianist. Very beautiful were the excerpts from Bach, (Gounod) Grieg, and Liszt which made up the program.

On Thursday morning Krishnamurti being asked about "your Message or teaching," replied.

"Why do you make it 'my Message and my teaching?' Isn't it what you want? Don't you want to be free and happy? It is your message. It is what you are seeking.

"It is because you are not free from your narrowness, your limitations, not free from your corruption of love—that is why you give to another the authority to lead. And as I am not accepting that authority, it is useless to say it is my Message or my teaching. It is the Message and the teaching of life which is in everything. And the moment you understand that, it is yours and not mine. It is my purpose only to awaken in you the desire to discover yourselves."

Some one asked, "How can one stimulate desire for freedom?"

"What a question to ask!" exclaimed Krishnaji. "Is not the sorrow of another, the tears of another, sufficient to give you a burning desire to free yourself and them? And you want an artificial stimulation? You want to be drugged? You want a reward to stimulate action? And you want me to furnish a new god for your stimulation?"

"Do not worship me, do not follow me," he urged, "do not create a religion around me. If I or anyone controlled you, told you what to do, you would not unfold.

"Individuality does not cease at any time," said he in answer to a query. "But individuality as usually understood ceases and from the moment of attainment. If you are in the valley, all your happiness, all your thoughts stand out clearly and definitely, but when you climb to the mountain top, that individuality which you have known disappears. The valley becomes flat. When you have reached the mountain top, you are."

On Friday morning in the shade of the Oak Grove Krishnaji talked on "the whole"—of the synthesis of life, of viewing life in its entirety.

He said, "I am concerned with that synthesis, that wholeness of life which has nothing to do with unessentials. I tell



you that one act of understanding shall put a man on a pinnacle of great vision—that is, one action born of great consideration, of great affection. That act being a part of that entire whole—everything that lives, thinks, and feels—shall give him a greater depth of understanding, greater vision.

"This morning you should really live and not merely profess agreement. But if one of you should really live one act, one thought that has its foundation, its root in immortality, in that life which is freedom, which is eternal, then that act shall put you in a condition that shall give you greater understanding, greater unfoldment.

"If you have this understanding you need not have meditations, churches, gods; you will be a standard to yourself and will reflect as in an unspotted mirror that which you think and feel.

"To have this understanding you have to distinguish what is real and what is unreal. Out of the confusion of the real and the unreal is born ignorance and ignorance has no beginning but is created out of the intermixture of the fleeting and the lasting. But it has an end and you will have to find out for yourself where it ends and in the discovery of where it ends, life begins. When ignorance ceases life in fulfillment begins and when ignorance ceases there is freedom—that perfection of life which is Truth.

"I would urge you to become disciples of Truth." Thus Krishnamurti spoke to the Star Camp members gathered in the Oak Grove Saturday morning. "A follower is one who blindly comes after without understanding. A follower is as the leaves in autumn carried forward by the wind and when the wind ceases the leaves drop to earth and are crushed under foot." Some one asked him how he could prevent people following him. "How can I prevent people making fools of themselves?" he replied. "I can't."

"But a true disciple does not follow any one but follows the Truth," he explained.

He was asked what he meant by the corruption of love. "Purity of love is that love which is detached because of its love for all things, asking nothing for itself."

"There is revolt in the world," he said in reply to someone's question on the revolt of youth, "but it is not intelligent. It is like the stream which overflows its banks. But intelligent revolt chooses the essential and when you have that standard to measure life you need not follow any one, you are a light to yourself."

In answer to a question he defined the essence of youth as enthusiasm and said that to keep young one must love. "Not the love of passion, licentiousness, and

easy life; I do not call that love; but the love which is incorruptible; to love in that manner is to have the fountain of youth."

This year the campers came not out of curiosity, seeking the strange and hoping for the miraculous, but drawn generally by the quality of Krishnaji's writings which they had been reading, and hoping to gain inspiration and vision for their use in the year to come. Last year there were many comparatively who felt that they understood. This year if there are those, they have kept it to themselves to a much greater extent and yet many have seemed to gain in understanding. Turned inward to re-survey their lives—their thoughts and feelings in the light of Krishnaji's ideas—they seem at once to have confronted new problems and to have found new determination with which to face them. This Camp seems above all to be pervaded by the idea that Krishnaji is concerned not at all with social reforms, religious remedies, and artistic expression as a means of ameliorating human misery, but entirely with each man and woman as a unit facing the necessity of coming to life and solving his or her own self-created problems.

Perhaps even this change in the Camp viewpoint would not seem to Krishnaji himself to be an arrival at anywhere in particular but at any rate it represents a radical change from the atmosphere of last year, and Krishnaji has been known to say that at least where there is change there is life. No one would deny that in the Ojai Camp of 1929 there was life.—

The Ojai.

★ ★ ★

OJAI, June 1.—Tomorrow will see the close of the Star Camp which has been in session for the week at Ojai in Ventura county. There under the spreading live-oaks have gathered each day 700 followers of Jeddu Krishnamurti, the Hindu philosopher, at the second annual encampment held in this country. Twice daily the assembly has gathered to listen to Krishnamurti expound the doctrine of attainment of "Happiness Through Liberation."

Here are people who have come from Java, Burma, from Australia, Great Britain, Canada, India, Holland, and who knows where else. One may meet here one's next-door neighbor or some chance former acquaintance from across the seas. At the evening camp fire or at lunch under the camp pergola you may rub elbows with men and women whose names are known the world over. In one group, a celebrated Irish poet, a German composer of note, and an American comedian. In another some artists, writers, and illustrious professional folk. They have



laid away the dignity and solemnity of position to which the world exalts them and have foregathered here in the hope of obtaining answers to man's age-old queries of "What am I here for?" "Whither am I going?" and "By what method shall I arrive?"

There are the questions that man has asked of all times and all religions. All philosophers have attempted to lay down definite rules for the conduct of life. The friends of Krishnamurti encamped here have come to listen to one who lays down no rules, formulates no precepts, claims no authority and desires no following. Asked the other day what his mission was, he answered crisply, "I have no mission. I claim no authority. My purpose is only to awaken in you a desire to acquire knowledge of truth for yourselves. To this end you must break down the barriers that prevent clarity and fullness of thought. You must become disciples of Truth, not of persons. You are not disciples of Krishnamurti. You must endeavor to understand the Truth. Don't bother about individuals."

Statements such as these refute the accusations that here was the founder of a new cult, a new religion, if you please. Among his hearers were many, disassociated from all church affiliations, who appreciated the courage of the man when he stated one morning, "You cannot seek Truth through organization. The moment you begin to organize thought you make of thought a religion, and then it is dead."

There is no pose in Krishnamurti, no playing to the gallery. He does not care whether you and I agree with him or not. In fact he would rather that you did not agree, for then you are at least thinking for yourself, and only as you think out your own problems, says he, can you progress.

Every morning with hundreds seated on the ground around him he has answered questions on the philosophy of life or taken part in discussions. Each evening beside the Camp Fire he has lectured or read. Though at all times interesting, his morning hours have been his best. Here was seen the intensely human side of the man, his keen appreciation of the frailties of his fellowmen, his earnestness and intensity to drive home the essential truth that each must work out his own salvation, and that to this end there must be eternal vigilance and constant struggle, without ceremonial, without leadership or personal domination. Above all is his infinite patience with the repeated questioning of those who do not grasp his meaning. This patience is epitomized in his exclamation, "I am talking of the sunshine, while you are talking of candles. When will you come

up into the sunshine and stop looking for matches to light your candles?"

Some there were who came to scoff; they saw, they heard and they must have been conquered, for they went away in a kindlier humor than that in which they came. Altogether, we found him a genial, cheerful, sensitive, loving soul without personal ambition but with an overwhelming desire to help others understand the lessons he himself has learned. —(Florence D. Shreve in the Los Angeles Times).

★ ★ ★

"Genius must express contrary to established ideas. It requires courage to destroy, genius to build. The bored materialist seeks release in unessentials. The wise man molds life, and steadily discards as he climbs to freedom."

It is a veritable shrapnel attack on the minds of his listeners that he—Krishnamurti—makes as he stands under the Druidic oaks of silent Ojai, with the humming of summer insect life, the sleepy notes of nesting birds, in a muted obligation to the running fire of epigrammatic phrases.

Older by 20 years than he was a year ago, the stripling that was has merged into a far stronger personality. And out of the clouds of former transcendentalism he steps forth with a brittle Stoicism that cuts incisively through the pretty draperies and shroudings of creed and ritualism, to an almost savage bareness of statement and fact.

"One has no need of a personal God, of a mediator, of meditation and rites and ceremonies and mysteries. One must do one's own work—learn the truth that is in Truth, the false that is in falsehood, for himself. One of these written questions you have asked me, asks of sex. Sex is the basement of a house. We pass through the basement, but we may climb to the roof. Those who wish the fresh air, the sun, cleanliness, go to the roof and forget the basement."

Curt, unsentimental, unemotional, stripping from those who would compromise and be comfortable, their props and crutches, "Krishnaji," as he is affectionately called by those willing to stand his silken whips and profit by their stimulation, faced with level eyes the semicircle of hundreds who had been drawn from near and far places to the Valley of the Ojai, to hear him Sunday.

His is not a philosophy for babes and weaklings. The Krishnamurti of today, with the ancient oaks groining the only temple he recognized over him, the breezes rippling the grasses where he demanded that man walk in simplicity, presents a standard that is high and clean, and—for the average man and woman, not at all easy.



Its very simplicity chills, in a world of mounting complexities. And it is the mounting complexities, the piling up of unessentials, the pyramiding of gods and idols, of wants and desires, that he attacks with chill logic in which there is an edge that cuts.

How far it will go in an age flatly materialistic, with a people wedded to their fleshpots, is a question. It has gone far with those who have tasted, and found life stale. It is a marvelous setting, this, in Ojai. It is a lovely Indian word that means "rest." And to this great sun-steeped valley with its cool breezes and mighty groves of oaks, and choiring of birds and stillness, many pilgrimage to learn if life can be simple, if civilization in its crassness, be not a mistake.

Notabilities were sprinkled among the throng, men and women of letters, of achievement, interested, curious, impressed.

They sat on rugs and cushions and talked in low voices while they waited. Up a long, grassy path in the sun, Krishnamurti came and stood in front of one of the mighty tree-trunks. And with no flourish of perorations, he talked for 50 minutes. And for 50 minutes he was listened to intently.

He would not interest the hoi polloi. He disdains dramatics. He scorns appeals. He is everything that evangelists are not. He is fire under ice. He presents logic without requiring that it be accepted. What he offers is something of what the ascetic gropes for as a martyr and anchorite, but he advocates it as common sense and self-respect.

He is revolutionary, but he is discouraging to those who want revolutions red. His is grey, cool, costly, and very cheap. It discards the fleshpots with contempt. But it is costly in that he demands, in an age of maniac and noisy haste, that one be calm, be strong, be sufficient unto one's self, and that one think.

Confronted, as are all those who seek to convey thought in the form of language to minds of ten thousand variations, with the nerve-wearing knowledge of ten thousand interpretations of a plain statement, Krishnamurti, philosopher of one of the oldest philosophic lands of the world, and child of its generations of culture, is paring his school of thought down to an ever-growing sternness of simplicity.

Around him have whirled the "dead leaves" in turbulent gusts of emotionalism utterly foreign to the quiet exponent of what is, after all, a badly practical fact. The Kasidah's "Do good for good is good to do, scorn bribe of heaven and threat of hell," covers fairly well that

upon which Krishnamurti elaborates. And he tries patiently to explain that he is not at all cryptic. That he means—and only—what he says.

"I have associated with people who have great wealth, and I have lived among people who are poor. I found those with wealth wanted to get more wealthy, and those who were poor wanted the money of those who were rich. They all wanted something," he said.

And in both he found fear.

To get rid of this, he advised analysis of ideas to live by. "Establish a standard where there is no fear. The first process is to put aside your gods, your desires, everything that entangles."

And with a twinkle he consoled them—"But only for the moment. Don't worry. You will return to them."

"But you must find a standard that will be your light, and yet not cast a shadow across another."

With mild humor, Krishnamurti told of the difficulty of trying to be explicit and merely human.

"When I speak in India, they call it western. When I speak in the west, they call it eastern philosophy," he complained. "Thought is of no nationality. It is Life itself. And intelligence is the capacity to choose the essential. I lay before you facts which I consider most lasting and most important. But I would not have you accept them except under careful analysis."

"The individual is to blame for the cruelties in the world. In order to solve the world problems, you must solve your own. And love must grow and like a flower, it must give without asking. The present is the flower of the past. The future is the fulfillment of the present. If you know what you are going to do tomorrow, you can do it today."

With persistence, the man who has himself done as he advised others—cut away from him all supports,—tries to show the might that antithetically develops from aloneness. As Burbank with his quiet garden; as Robert Louis Stevenson on his Samoan Island with his friends, the natives; as all others who have drawn back in distaste from the frenzy of rivalry in crass display, he shows the sovereignty in aloofness from a world of noise and not too much good taste.

But in this he stresses action, the "doing today what you are going to do tomorrow"; the sternly applied personal standard which can alone leaven the misery of a world of brutal suffering; the giving of self in small, as in great ways, that will so test the fiber of one's soul.—(Ethelyn Leslie Huston, in the Hollywood Citizen.)



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JUNE, 1929

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*Krishnamurti at Star Campfire*







# *The Star*

MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHENER,  
*Editor*

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# Toys

By J. Krishnamurti



CHILD

Had arranged on the polished floor  
Its toys, neatly and with care,  
The drum,  
The bugles,

The cannons,  
The soldiers,  
And an officer with much gold—  
Undoubtedly a field-marshal—  
The long train  
With its polished engine,  
A tiny airplane,  
A big automobile,  
These were on one side.

On the other,  
A doll with curly hair,  
Dressed in the latest fashion,  
Its bare knees showing,  
Black polished shoes  
With silk stockings.  
A little further away,  
Men in long coats and in top hats.  
A bag  
With a string  
To bind them all.

The child had gone.

Then up sprang a man  
In long coat, with his hat in hand:  
"I represent God,  
And all of you listen.  
I have discovered  
Heaven and Hell.

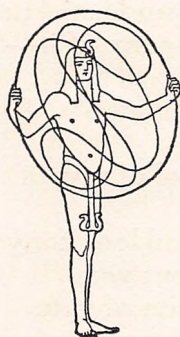


I am a woman  
But your master."

Then all began to talk,  
Advancing this complicated theory and that complicated  
theory,  
This solution and that solution,  
Class against class,  
Wealth against poverty,  
Hungry against the well-fed.

A roar and utter chaos.

The child came back,  
Gathered up its toys,  
Knocking down one or two  
In its hurry.  
Then it went out  
Laughing.





# Toys

By J. Krishnamurti



CHILD

Had arranged on the polished floor  
Its toys, neatly and with care,  
The drum,  
The bugles,

The cannons,  
The soldiers,  
And an officer with much gold—  
Undoubtedly a field-marshal—  
The long train  
With its polished engine,  
A tiny airplane,  
A big automobile,  
These were on one side.

On the other,  
A doll with curly hair,  
Dressed in the latest fashion,  
Its bare knees showing,  
Black polished shoes  
With silk stockings.  
A little further away,  
Men in long coats and in top hats.  
A bag  
With a string  
To bind them all.

The child had gone.

Then up sprang a man  
In long coat, with his hat in hand:  
"I represent God,  
And all of you listen.  
I have discovered  
Heaven and Hell.



All who obey  
Go to Heaven and to the Paradise of Gods,  
But those who disobey  
To Hell and to great sorrows.

"I know who is fit and worthy of Heaven,  
I alone can give spiritual distinctions and spiritual titles  
I alone can make a man happy or unhappy,  
I alone can introduce God to you,  
I alone know the path to Him,  
I am the priest of God."

"I am the protector, the ruler  
And the dispenser of life,  
I, with my friends the merchants,  
Decide to wage wars, to kill and to slaughter,  
To protect you, my friends, from your enemies.  
Our country is above all.  
Woe to all who do not kill,  
Who do not wear uniform,  
Who are unpatriotic—which I decide.  
God is on our side,  
He waves the only flag—our flag—"  
Roared the man with the sword and many ribbons.

Then a large fat man spoke quietly:  
"You two may say what you please,  
I hold the monies,  
I am the dispenser of all things,  
Of temporal power,  
Of cruelty and kindness,  
Of progress and of evolution,  
Without me nothing shall be decided.  
I am a man of great wealth,  
Thy wealth shall be the only God,  
I have finished."

Then the man whom nobody noticed,  
Spoke:  
"I can destroy all your Gods,  
Your theories and your wealth,  
Without me you can do nothing.



You cannot talk to me of God  
When I am hungry,  
Feed me and I will listen to your Gods.  
You cannot make me  
Into cannon fodder.  
Pay me and excite me  
And I will fight.  
You are rich because of me,  
I toil for you, suffer for you,  
Go hungry for you and die for you,  
I am your food and your comfort,  
Your love and your destroyer,  
I am going to strip you of all these,  
Now I strike."

Then the lady with bare knees—  
"I am laughing  
Because each of you thinks  
You are the most important,  
Glorying in your own importance—  
Where would you all be without me?  
Still in that Heaven or Hell  
Of which you spoke, O friend with the long coat.  
I am your sister, your mother,  
Your wife and your love.  
I am on the stage of your bestial amusement,  
I bear children—the agony of it—  
For your pleasure,  
I dress, showing just enough  
For your pleasure,  
I paint and make a fool of myself  
For your pleasure,  
I covet your glances and long for your love,  
I desire children without you,  
I desire freedom in spite of you,  
I struggle to be free of your desires,  
To show my equality,  
I do things that astonish you,  
I shall usurp all your places,  
Your honors, your glories,  
You worship me,  
You desecrate me.

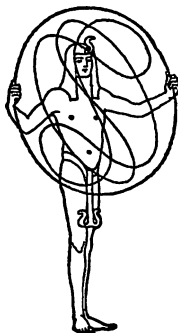


I am a woman  
But your master."

Then all began to talk,  
Advancing this complicated theory and that complicated  
theory,  
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A roar and utter chaos.

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Gathered up its toys,  
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Then it went out  
Laughing.





# *The Attainment of Truth*\*

By J. Krishnamurti



THE understanding of Truth comes through the fulfilment of life and in unfolding life and giving to it the fullest possible scope for its expansion, you attain to liberation and happiness. I would make this the foundation for all thought and all feeling, because I hold that liberation is the only goal for humanity. When you have seen that goal—whether you are an artist, a musician, an economist, or an educationalist—you will create in the shelter of eternity rather than in the shadow of the manifested. Most people in the world are caught up in the present because they have not invited to themselves the future. The present is a huge shadow; and within that shadow they create without an understanding of the eternal.

There was once a man who desired to attain Truth. He went to a Guru, a Teacher, and asked him if he might become his disciple. The Guru replied: "I have no time for you, please go away." So the seeker went away but later returned again and begged of the teacher to accept and instruct him in the way of Truth. Again the teacher said, "I have no time for you, please go away." After some time had elapsed, again the searcher after Truth returned and persisted in his request. So the teacher said, "Come with me," and led him to a tank nearby that was filled with water. They went down into the tank and the teacher held the aspirant under the water for a long time. When he could no longer breathe under the water, the teacher released him and asked him what he had desired most when in the water. The man replied that it was air he desired most. The teacher said, "When your longing for Truth is as desperate as was your longing for air, you will attain it."

I would awaken in you the same burning desire, the same longing to find Truth, as a drowning man has for air. Truth is attained only when you desire to fulfil life and do not fear it; when you do not avoid life, but rather when you invite sorrow, pleasure, pain, and joy alike to the fullness of your heart.

While your goal is unreal, Truth is unreal, and so you create innumerable barriers between yourself and the eternal goal. Because in each mind there is the desire to avoid the experience of life, there arises the illusion of evil and good. All religions hold that by conquering this and avoiding that temptation, you will be enabled to understand Truth, that by doing good, you may hope to enter heaven. To me that is the evasion of life, rather than its fulfilment. When once you



have established for yourself the essential, which is the search for Truth, everything else becomes unessential and useless, and temptation ceases to be a problem.

In order to help men to overcome temptation, works have been established, based on beliefs, dogmas, and fears. A spider, with exquisite care and great delicacy, spins its web, but when the wind comes the intricate web is destroyed in an instant; so when the hurricane of sorrow comes and the storm of doubt rages, that which has been created in order to conquer temptation, is destroyed and disappears.

You have innumerable theories and beliefs, and yet when someone dies whom you love, there comes to you an immense loneliness; your theories, your doctrines do not allay in any manner that void or emptiness. Whereas if you treat every incident as a step towards the fulfilment of life, as an experience which will enable you to grow and so approach nearer to your goal, then you invite all things to your heart, sorrow and pleasure and that which appears to you as good and evil.

People throw themselves into politics, into education, into service and all the innumerable activities that help them to forget themselves; but I hold that when the life within is not fulfilled, when that life is not given its full scope for unfoldment, there is the certainty of sorrow and misery. In order to complete life, you must welcome and take to your heart every experience, however unpleasant, however delightful. There can be no other goal for humanity than the fulfilment of life, which can only come about if you are absolute master of yourself, if you do not depend on outside authority, on the support of religions, on the avoidance of temptations.

As the rain comes to the parched lands, so is Truth presented to you. As the rain is not productive in the unprepared soil, so Truth will not plant its seed in your mind and heart, if there is not within you the struggle for the fulfilment of life.

To me the only goal, the only world which is eternal, which is absolute, is this world of Truth. This world does not obtrude itself, it cannot be discussed, nor can anyone give his opinion concerning it. But if you have prepared the soil and are willing to sow the seeds of Truth with care and exquisite delight, then you will by yourself enter this world. At present, Truth, happiness, and freedom of life are mere words, to which you give your own interpretations, wide or narrow, pleasant or unpleasant. I would create such a burning desire within you to find the Truth that the one thing which is eternal will abide and everything else will disappear as a cloud that is chased by the wind.

The desire to be the master of yourself, not to lean on authority, not to build on hope, not to escape fear, not to avoid temptations but to transcend them, is foreign to the majority of people. Most of you



are led to heaven by the dangling hope held in front of you; but there is no heaven and no hope in the absolute sense, they are created by the minds of men, and hence they cannot bear the stamp of eternity.

You should be the true disciple of the eternal Truth, a disciple with understanding and not a mere imitator, repeating ideas or words after the manner of another. Become the creator of the true life, without form. Most people worship an idea and cling to the form of that idea and forget the immense world that lives behind all form—not a mysterious or a hidden world, but a world that lies within each one and is to be found by each one.

When life is not full, there are empty spaces and those empty spaces cause whirlwinds of sorrow and pain and constant strife. It is in the filling of those empty spaces that life finds its fruition.

## *A Daily Thought*

(From Krishnamurti's Writings)

### JUNE THE FIRST:

Thou hast ravished my heart,  
Thou hast conquered my soul,  
In Thee have I found my comfort,  
In Thee is my Truth established.  
—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 10.

### JUNE THE SECOND:

We are looking for some miracle to happen, but it will appear as a thief in the night when we are not watching, when we are asleep, not when we are expecting miracles and thunderstorms. It will come by paths of which we know nothing.—*Temple Talks*, p. 39.

### JUNE THE THIRD:

I am not myself greatly inclined to ceremony, as you know. I like to go to my goal directly; I like to reach the summit by the quickest path without any intermediary. That is my personal attitude of mind and feeling. But there are naturally many thousands who express themselves by ceremonial, to whom ceremonial is the only path along the mountain.—*Temple Talks*, p. 25.

### JUNE THE FOURTH:

I say that Life is one, though the expressions of Life be multitudinous. . . . What you need is to have a pure mind and a loving heart, and then all these

things will not matter.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 15.

### JUNE THE FIFTH:

I have never said that there is no God. I have said that there is only God as manifested in you, and when you have purified that which is within you, you will find Truth. Of course there is God—but I am not going to use the word God because it has got a very specific, narrow meaning. To some it suggests a strong fist of anger; to some a being with a long beard. . . .—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 17.

### JUNE THE SIXTH:

Truth, which is Life, is like the sunshine, and if you are wise, you will open your windows to it; if you are unwise, you will draw down your blinds.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 17.

### JUNE THE SEVENTH:

If you destroy fear you are spiritually fulfilled; but if you are conditioned by fear—as you are—there is evil, there is good, there is morality to uphold you in your weakness.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 20.

### JUNE THE EIGHTH:

I am concerned with Truth and with the awakening of the desire in each one



of you to discover that Truth. You are concerned with the consciousness of Krishnamurti. How can you tell when you know neither Krishnamurti nor the Christ? . . . . I am not concerned with societies, with religions, with dogmas, but I am concerned with life, because I am Life.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 20.

#### JUNE THE NINTH:

Friend, do not concern yourself with who I am; you will never know.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 21.

#### JUNE THE TENTH:

. . . . What is of importance is the fact that you obey and allow your judgment to be perverted by authority. Your judgment, your mind, your affection, your life, are being perverted by things which have no value, and herein lies sorrow.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 21.

#### JUNE THE ELEVENTH:

Ah, listen to the voice of my love.

I have suffered long, I know.

I am free, eternally happy;

I am the Master-singer of Life.

—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 29.

#### JUNE THE TWELFTH:

I can point out my ideal of Truth, of perfect peace, of loving-kindness, but you must struggle and arrive at it for yourselves.—*The Kingdom of Happiness*, p. 16.

#### JUNE THE THIRTEENTH:

A perfect harmony of emotions and of mind is essential, so that Intuition, the voice of your true self, can express itself. Intuition is the whisper of the soul; intuition is the guiding word in our life.—*The Kingdom of Happiness*, p. 17.

#### JUNE THE FOURTEENTH:

"Yea," cried the people,

"But how shall we reconcile the beauty of our Gods with thy song?

In what manner shall we fit thy sayings into the temple of our creation?"

—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 28.

#### JUNE THE FIFTEENTH:

The more we harmonize our strong feelings and keen mind by perfecting and purifying them, the more likely are we to hear that Voice, the Intuition which is common to all, the Intuition which is of

humanity and not of one particular individual.—*The Kingdom of Happiness*, p. 27.

#### JUNE THE SIXTEENTH:

I am the Beloved, the desire of all hearts.

I am the Playmate in the shadow of creation.—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 44.

#### JUNE THE SEVENTEENTH:

Man everywhere is unconsciously seeking a way to free himself from his narrowness, his pettiness. The end of this search is freedom and eternal happiness. He experiments along many paths, and every path leads to complications. From life to life he wanders, from one creed to another—gathering experience, accepting, rejecting, and again accepting—thus he goes forward towards that goal which awaits him as it awaits all men.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 12.

#### JUNE THE EIGHTEENTH:

Without love man is as a desert of dry sand, as the river in the summer time, without water to nourish its banks. Those who would attain the perfection of happiness, the beauty that is hidden from the human eye, must cultivate this quality of love.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 24.

#### JUNE THE NINETEENTH:

I am strong, I no longer falter; the divine spark is burning in me; I have beheld in a waking dream, the Master of all things and I am radiant with His eternal joy. . . . I am the stone in the sacred temple. I am the humble grass that is mown down and trodden upon. I am the tall and stately tree that courts the very heavens. I am the animal that is hunted.—*The Path*, p. 60.

#### JUNE THE TWENTIETH:

When you have established the Beloved in your heart, you are ready to face the open seas, where there are great storms, and the strong breezes which quicken life. Because you have the Beloved in your heart, you must be a lighthouse on a dark shore, to guide those who are still enshrouded in their own darkness.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 42.

#### JUNE THE TWENTY-FIRST:

Happy is the man who struggles!—*The Path*, p. 44.



## JUNE THE TWENTY-SECOND:

Of what value is your understanding, of what value are your high and noble thoughts, your pure life, if you do not help those who are in constant pain, who are in darkness, and in confusion? Of what value is the Truth you have seen if you are not able to give of that Truth to those who are hungering and thirsting after the eternal?—*Life in Freedom*, p. 42.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-THIRD:

Because you have understood, be courageous with that understanding, and give of your life to those who are in darkness.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 43.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-FOURTH:

As the tree on the mountain  
Grows in solitude and strength,  
Likewise, life after life,  
I grew in loneliness and stature.  
I reached the mountain top.

Till in the long last,  
O Guru of Gurus,  
I tore the veil that separated Thee  
from myself,  
That veil that set Thee apart.  
—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 47.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-FIFTH:

I am sorrow, pain, and fleeting pleasure; the passions and the gratifications; the bitter wrath and the infinite compassion; the sin and the sinner. I am the lover and the very love itself. I am the saint, the adorer, the worshipper, and the follower. I am God.—*The Path*, p. 60.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-SIXTH:

For long I have searched for that goal,

and during my search I have watched people trapped in their desires, as a fly is caught in the web of a spider. Ever since I was able to think I have watched people absorbed in their own thoughts, suffocated by the futility of life.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 49.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-SEVENTH:

The time for open life and clear understanding has come and I would speak of that understanding which I have found. I would show you how I have found my Beloved, how the Beloved is established in me, how the Beloved is the Beloved of all and how the Beloved and I are one so that there can be no separation either now or at any time.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 48.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH:

Because most people in the world are all the time concerned with the things which immediately surround them, whose shadows overpower them, when a man comes from the green fields and sings to them the song of the open skies they do not care to listen to him.—*Star Magazine*, March, 1929, p. 4.

## JUNE THE TWENTY-NINTH:

You have had your religions, your ceremonies, your books, and your complicated ways of looking at life and these things have not brought you happiness. And now I say to you "Try my way."—*Star Magazine*, March, 1929, p. 5.

## JUNE THE THIRTIETH:

O world,  
In thee I behold the face of my Beloved.  
—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 20.





# Anti-Capital Punishment

By Clarence Darrow



AM going to talk about what we call crime and punishment, especially capital punishment. Of course, there is nobody here that knows much about crime because you are none of you criminals. Criminals are different from other people. The individual is always good, and the criminal is the other fellow who doesn't do just what we do or think just what we do.

There are various degrees of guilt, of course. I presume, if the question were put to the people of the United States tonight, there would be some people *for* capital punishment, *for* taking a drink.

In Michigan it is life imprisonment, not for one drink, but for four!

Some think that robbery should be more seriously punished than anything else; other people think adultery should be a capital offense—for other people. There are people who think stealing should be a capital offense—unless you steal a great deal, and then you should be crowned as one of the great financiers of the greatest nation on the face of the earth!

Nobody seems to know what is the right punishment for anything. The person being punished, and the person giving it, would always disagree, and people generally would always disagree. The law confesses that it doesn't know. I have lived all my life in courts, and I know nothing whatever about justice! I haven't the slightest idea what the word means—neither has anybody else.

If you steal, does it matter the amount of money that you take? Clearly not. People earn punishment no matter what the limit of "taking," and what is a great deal of money to some people is a very small amount to someone else. Does it make any difference from whom you steal? For instance: would it be any worse to take the last penny from somebody who needed it to keep himself alive? Would

it be any worse to take ten dollars which would be all that stood between him and absolute poverty, or to take the same amount from Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan? Does anybody know which would be the worst? I never found it out.

Does anybody know how to compare the guilt of cheating somebody by a lying advertisement, and picking his pockets in an open, decent way? I know which is the safest, but I don't know which is the worst! Does anybody know the comparative degree of guilt between robbery and forestalling the market, so that you can take all that a man has? The law doesn't know it, nobody knows anything about it! Does anybody know the comparative iniquity between bigamy and breach of promise—marrying too many wives or too few? I don't even know which is the more uncomfortable! Does anybody know the difference between killing a man who has fifty years of usual life before him, or killing somebody who is going to die the next day? It isn't based on the fact that killing is killing, because if it were the whole population of the State of New York would be murderers, for everybody is engaged in that business, if it is based upon the simple fact of killing. Is there anybody that knows how to proportion guilt to each man's responsibility? Of course, I make a clean sweep of the question by saying that no one is responsible; that everybody is played upon by all the forces of nature as they attune themselves to their own physical being and act in accordance with the strictest motives; that life is life, and they can't act in any other way.

Can anybody show that a human being acts from any different motive than any other animal? They may, by being frightened, have more power. Is there anyone who can tell anything about justice? Is a man who is very intelligent any more guilty or less guilty than a person who is



weak and poor and a moron? Is there any way of knowing? Should culpability be greater in the fat man or the lean man? You might just as well ask, should it be greater against the tall man, the old man, or the young man. If a man is going to die anyhow in a week, is it a lesser crime for the state to hang him than it would a young man who had a whole life before him? People may know something about *some* things, but as for justice—we don't even know what the word means.

Is a boy who never had an education, who never had a chance, who was brought up in the street, who was taught to be a thief as we call it, just as guilty as some other boy who went to school? Is it just to hold him to the same degree of responsibility as that of the person who has had every opportunity in the world? Nobody can begin to conceive what it means. How much does it include? Does it include your own life with what you have made of yourself by the chances you had, or should it not include the father and the mother responsible for your health, and all or any number of your forebears back to Adam or in that vicinity?

Is it any credit to a man who has plenty of money not to steal? Does he know anything about what he would do if he couldn't get a living any other way?

Is it well for me, a lawyer who would not be satisfied with wages, to condemn somebody who can't practice law, and had no other trade but burglary? Can a dwarf be held to the same degree of responsibility as to his strength that you would place in a giant; and can the dwarf intellectually be held to the same degree of responsibility as a giant intellectually; and can the man who in a certain sense can go as he pleases (which simply means he can go as he wants to go and every road good), can he be held in such responsibility as the person who in every way he takes, he loses? These are the criminals.

I have lived in courts a long time. I have known all kinds of men. I could not define the word "criminal," except as some man who gets caught and convicted—then I know, only because the law defines it. I can't say a criminal is better or worse. Many times many of them per-

form acts of the highest courage, of the truest loyalty, of the greatest self-effacement, which some good people are incapable of. For instance:

Not long ago there was a man named O'Connor in Chicago. He had been in the penitentiary for burglary and was arrested on the streets, and there are better places to arrest people than the streets—especially Chicago streets. He was tried for murder and acquitted. He was finally tried and convicted—sentenced to death. (I don't want anyone to think I defended him that last time.) He was to be hanged on Friday, which is an unlucky day to the fellow who is going to be hanged. On Wednesday before the hanging he made some arrangements with some guards, honest men in charge of the jail. (All the fellows who send people to jail are honest, all the fellows who get in are crooks. That is the only way we have of knowing.) Well, this man made secret connections with the outside world and had an automobile at the foot of the stairway, or at the street, at 12 o'clock. The guards were honest, they took their wage money and kept their word. That is at least as good a definition of honesty as I know anything about. Several other prisoners were escaping at the same time. O'Connor led them down the stairs, down to the street; the automobile was there—he could be saved. The guards who wanted to hang the fellow were right behind him, trying to stop his escape. The man next to O'Connor, who was escaping with him, slipped on the sidewalk, fell, and broke his leg. O'Connor had already reached the automobile, but turned back in the face of the pursuers, grabbed this fallen man, took him in his arms to take him along. But the crook who was hurt said: "You go ahead, leave me alone—I have got to hang—leave me alone and get away!"—which he finally had to do. What a kind fellow O'Connor was, anyway! Many people in this audience would have wanted him caught and hanged. I don't know anybody in Chicago who did, and I am glad he hasn't been.

There is not any emotion in a man we call a criminal that is not in all of us. Sometimes certain emotions are stronger and others are weaker, and the balance is



not the same. What is more important than all the rest is that the network of circumstances that surround a life is never the same. It not only takes an inclination but an *inducing cause* to commit any crime, but there is not anything in any of us that is not in some degree in all of us.

Probably a good many of you people have never killed anybody, but how many of you have not been secretly hoping to read the obituary notices of someone you wished dead? I have. Everybody is filled with various emotions. The balance and the counterbalance wavers. We are played on by all the outside circumstances in life. What happens to me depends upon these forces that play on me—the conflicting emotions of life. They happen to me inevitably.

The cruelest doctrine we have was invented by religious men and misfits in general. The cruelest doctrine is free-will; for no man can do as he pleases, can control his life, which really means controlling the universe. Is a man stronger than the universe? How many people glow at the news item that some person is to be executed tomorrow! Yet how many have the slightest capacity or inclination to put themselves in the condemned person's place? And unless you *can* do that, you can't tell anything about it. If you *can* do it, there is no danger of your judging them. But understanding means that you cannot judge; it just means you *understand*, that is all.

So when these judges (who get their political function through the appointments of governors), talk about justice, they are talking about something that no human being knows anything whatever about. There are some things we do know about: we know about the emotion of kindness, we know about sympathy, we know about charity, we know about human understanding—but what do you suppose I know about judging any one of you? I would have to put myself inside of you, to *be* you. We never knew anybody to do anything that he could not give a reason for. Sometimes they might not be satisfactory reasons to me, but they were all satisfactory to him;

therefore, I object to this whole question of capital punishment.

There are men who know something about the criminal forces that move human life, and try to bring the right influences to play on a child, even beginning at two years old and continuing until he grows up, and try to see that the right opportunities of life come to him; but the average person never thinks of the criminal, until they want to kill him or send him to prison for some overt act. Many of them the State, in its organized capacity, never even hears of until it puts them to death. That is all that it has ever done for them in any way. It is generally, almost always, the strongest, most powerful, wealthiest, and most respectable who are the first to judge them.

Now, we will talk first for a few moments about crime in general. What do we know about it? What is it, anyhow? Probably there have been more people put to death for witchcraft and heresy than for all other crimes put together. Judges administer the most serious punishments for the things that they themselves hate the most. Such judgment hasn't anything to do with any other kind of responsibility, but just the things that they hate the most. All through the world people have hated the man who doesn't believe in the same religion that they do. In the past they put them to death in the most horrible way. No punishment was hard enough. They didn't hang them in a clean, painless way, but boiled them in oil, quartered them, cut them to pieces, or threw them to wild beasts. Witchcraft, of course, has claimed not its hundreds but its thousands, down even to the other day in Pennsylvania. The only trouble about that recent extreme sentence was that it should have gone to the judge. Sending a fourteen-year-old boy to the penitentiary because he believed in witchcraft, when everybody else believes in it! There are many kinds that I know of, and people believe in some kind or other.

The greatest witchcraft of all is the common idea that society is preserved by punishing people — jails, penitentiaries, gallows, guarding forces, and that sort of thing. Even some of the good people in



this world would, I think, if the vote were given them, sooner vote to abolish the churches than abolish the jails. They would rather depend on the jails than the churches. Of course they are strong for the jails—for other people—all of them.

It is only recently that anybody has tried to find out the causes of anything. Of course you know the sun used to go around the earth; it doesn't do it any more! And if a good prophet wanted to lengthen the days so he could kill more people, he just stopped the sun! We know now he couldn't do it that way.

It was naturally the same thing about disease; people were sent to jail for it. Of course they didn't know anything about germs, but they knew about sin. People have always known about sin. If they would stop talking about sin and talk about science, germs, eugenics, or something that really *does* affect people, they would get somewhere. Formerly people didn't know what a microbe was. I do. I have seen lots of them. Crazy people used to be sent to jail just for being crazy. We don't do that any more. We put them in a hospital and try to cure them. A crazy person should be sent to the hospital for ten years. If he gets well the next day, he should be let out. If he doesn't, he should be kept there until he does get well.

If you get a disease you are not to blame for it any more, unless you get it by overdrinking; but if you get it by overeating it is all right. A good share of the inhabitants do become diseased that way, for that is the only thing they can indulge in, and no longer think it is a sin to get a disease from overindulgence; but they still think it is a mortal sin to do some of the things that are forbidden by law. How do they find out what is forbidden by law? Who tells us what is right and wrong? I have had so many people tell me, and tell me so many different and contradictory things, that I got dizzy from it.

At one time witchcraft was the most terrible crime we could commit. I suppose today that not to be "one hundred per cent American" is the most terrible crime. First and last, though, the crime that is punished the most in the world is

poverty. It always has been punished the most. Now, fortunately, while some people have been punished, there have been other people studying the cause of crime and wanting to know something about its mechanisms. This question, to me, is even bigger than capital punishment.

In the first place, we know that nine out of every ten of the people in jail are poor, and always have been poor. That is the reason why all the good lawyers are corporation lawyers. They want to be where everybody is honest and has the money! You don't often find good lawyers defending criminals to save them. Why not? Good sense ought to tell us there is no connection between poverty and getting into jail, but there is a lot of relation between poverty and getting out of jail.

Nine out of ten criminals never had any education. Either they were not fit for the particular education we give in schools, which means studying books which nobody cares anything about, or else they never had any chance to go to school, one or the other. Go through our penitentiaries, and you find it universally true—I don't care where you go. Then half of the criminals are morons; that is, they know less than the average person, naturally. You can imagine how little that is.

And what is still worse, all of them began the course of crime when they were small children. They didn't have anything else to do, anywhere else to go, no training, no occupation, no chance. More than nine out of ten of them may not have committed the specific crime for which they are in prison for but they began as children the career which leads inevitably to the final result. Few of them have any profession. You do not find the man in jail to be the lawyer, the bricklayer, the carpenter, or even the plumber. They wouldn't be visiting unfamiliar houses on dark nights, they would be getting a living without it; and this is the reason—first and last. Give everybody an opportunity in the world, and it is easy enough to purchase all that is necessary to satisfy his needs. Give everybody an opportunity to live comfortably, and



the jails would be closed. You can't stop crime in any other way; there is no other way. Educate every person so he can make a living and give him opportunities to make the conditions of life comfortable, then you will get rid of all crime—at least nine-tenths of it. There are some crimes that come from other reasons, but most of them have their roots in poverty, and in the poor man's lack of opportunity. Everybody who has studied the question knows this, and every jail and every penitentiary in the land is proof of it. There are some crimes of passion—husbands kill wives and wives kill husbands. Divorces are expensive, and the majority of people don't believe in them. They get along bearing their own burdens and think everybody else should do the same. We have a considerable number of killings through love—or what takes its place. I don't want to define the word love—I could, but I am not going to.

Probably the largest number of killings, where the emotions have anything to do with it, are between men and women. Very few because people want to get rid of each other, outside of domestic relations. Does capital punishment help any there? Let a woman come after you with a gun once and see; some woman that you married—or haven't married—it doesn't make any difference. The fear of capital punishment doesn't affect her any. Fearing it, or hating it, is the way one feels the morning after—not at the time. After it is all over with, then one may think about it, may have time to think; but before it one has got something of more importance to think about.

In general, there are just two kinds of killers; there are a few more but not worth talking about; one is the passionate kind I spoke of. Capital punishment hasn't done anything more to prevent them than preaching has—and that is very, very little. Intellect doesn't affect them in the least, never did and never can; and when it can, then the human race will die out. For this eternal hope which we all have, and this eternal push for emotional gratification, are born with us and are a part of our human life. The very mineral life and all plant life is nothing but this. We keep the world alive, so we have got to

accept the situation and do the best we can with it, and try to remove all the *inducing causes* that we can possibly remove: that is all we can do. Our efforts are likely to work, can't stop working, by getting criminals to make good, and to love their fellow men, because really they desire to love them. We have hated the criminals, and we have got them into a condition where they hate us because we hate them. You can only cure conditions by removing *inducing causes*. Unfortunately this is the last thing people in general try to do.

The great mass of killers whom we call murderers do their killing in self-defense, or to prevent arrest in case of robbery and burglary, possibly some other few reasons. The criminal does not intend to kill or want to kill; but, rather than be arrested, he kills for no other purpose than protecting his own liberty. Now let us look at this for a minute. The ideal way to deal with the matter is to get rid of the robbery and burglary by beginning with the child in his innocence, and training him to make it easier for him to live.

There are few grown people in this world with such strength of character that they would be willing to starve before they would steal. The world isn't made up of people who are that silly. Then there are the various kinds of people who might get enough to eat, but can't get a lot of other things that are the habit and the custom of the people today; these lead directly up to crime, one thing after another. People think that more things are necessary to their happiness than ever before, and they are the inducements to crime; but first and last it is the economic condition that brings these criminal things about, and you can prove it a hundred ways.

All these things have been observed by some few who are interested enough to care to know something about crime—which most don't; most people have just one recipe—to punish. To people in general it doesn't make any difference what science, or the criminologist, or the humanitarian thinks—"crucify him."

(Notes of an address made by Mr. Darrow and reported through the kindness of Angela F. Southard.)



# Ojai Valley Symbolized

By A. P. Warrington



ORD has come to me that there is confusion in the minds of some who have read the descriptions of Ojai Valley as to where the various sites spoken of are located. Perhaps I may clarify the matter by offering a description with a symbolic illustration.

Let us picture to our minds a valley about seven miles long, about three wide, and extending east and west the long way; let us see mountains along its north, its east, and its south sides; then let us picture in the middle of the west end a ridge about a mile long rising to a height of three hundred feet above the floor of the valley, and approaching nearly to the small stream that crosses at the west. Beyond the river there is another little valley bordered by mountains to the south, west, and north, but that is another story. We are now concerned with the valley east of the river—the Ojai valley; the other is the Santa Anna, its sister valley. But for the river and the ridge perhaps the two might be called one and the same valley; but so far this has never been done.

Now that we have made the outlines of our picture, let us liken the valley to a large Masonic hall, and let us come into the hall at the southwest where the road enters it. In doing so the first of our properties to be seen is the Starland, as it lies farthest west of all. Adjoining that is Krotona. Both occupy more than one-half of the ridge mentioned, and their adjoining lowlands extend fully a mile along the road.

After passing these one comes soon to the little village of Ojai, occupying almost the center of the floor of the valley.

Just a little further on there is a site known as Siete Robles, owned by Mr. George H. Hall and his associates. This occupies a position south of the center of the valley measured from east to west.

From there onwards there is a gradual rise until, on reaching the extreme east, the altitude affords a beautiful view of the whole valley. Here is located Arya Vihara, Krishnaji's home. Adjoining it at the north is Mrs. Ronald Gray's home. Looking now directly south we see Happy Valley, consisting of a portion of that beautiful little shelf that nature has cut off the mountain side known geographically as the Upper Ojai valley.

Thus in our imaginary Masonic lodge room, or Temple, we have Starland occupying the position of the O. G. or T.; Krotona that of the S. W.; Siete Robles that of the J. W.; Happy Valley that of the O.; Mrs. Gray's home that of the R. W. M.; and Arya Vihara that of the P. M.

I am not attempting to place any significance upon the fact that the various sites have quite unexpectedly and accurately arranged themselves in accord with the positions of the various officers of a lodge: there may be none at all; but those who are familiar with lodges may get from this description an indelible picture of how our little valley lies and where the properties are located in which Theosophists and Star members are particularly interested.

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Incidentally, I hope that the growth of effort in the valley will always be conspicuous along cultural and productive lines. Culturally, everything already here which falls reasonably within the scope of our ideals should be encouraged and supported. Where there are wide divergencies, new efforts might be started more fully to represent our ideal thought. Productively, citrus and other profitable fruits, nuts, ornamental plants, etc., offer opportunities. Weaving, gardening, the making of pottery, tile, jewelry, or furniture, as home industries, have possibilities. Krotona has made a beginning in



one of these directions already with hopes of more to follow, slowly and surely as circumstances permit. Eventually the valley should be a thriving body of earnest, cultivated, sincerely-working people living the life beautiful, and affording an ideal environment for the birth and development of children of the new American type.

But if this shall come about happily and successfully, it doubtless will be by gradual, individual effort and not by any kind of sudden organized plan. A rush of active interest in this direction would at any time be disastrous, especially in the case of those coming without a proper financial status to see them established. Enthusiasm is always magnificent, but it should not constitute one's sole asset. Already some have come and gone away disappointed. This would not happen if there were always proper preparation in advance based on a full knowledge of all the conditions.

The valley, after all, is a small country-scattered community, fifteen miles away from any goodly sized town. The scant means for a stranger to find something to do for a living here is obvious.

And if he were a person dependent upon the opportunities of city life for a livelihood, he could not even live nearer than forty-five miles—at Santa Barbara—and more probably he would have to live in Los Angeles, our largest city, twice the distance.

As to the agricultural and industrial activities, these to succeed, would require knowledge and experience, and only those who have this equipment, together with proper capital and the capacity for hard work should expect to get along. This may appear discouraging, but I think it would be so only to the incompetent or unprepared.

One point further: The ardent propagandist wearing sectarian blinders would probably feel out of place here, for he would discover rather a wide spirit of freedom around him, making for a tolerance and friendliness that encourages each person to pursue his own faith with no fear of aggression from another. That is the way this valley should grow, each helping the other to develop along his own lines, and happy to see him do so, for that is the only tolerance worthy of the name.

## *Life's Way*

By Laura Morrow

In the beautiful Sierras, I am happy  
I fain would lay my head upon that  
snowy breast,  
And, like a little child at night time,  
Tell all my ills to Mother Earth, and rest.

I see the deepening shadows in the gullies,  
I see the scars that Mother Earth has  
borne,  
And I feel her warm, big heart, expanding,  
Toward the weak, the sad, the wilted,  
and forlorn.

Oh, let me linger at the tree-tops,  
Let their arms enfold me for a little  
span,

For I see beyond, the ills of life recurring,  
As my footsteps falter in the haunts of  
man.

Oh, let me tarry 'mong the wonderful  
Sierras!

The breath of pines become my very own,  
My soul as pure as yonder snow-clad  
mountain,  
My heart as big as yonder turquoise  
dome.

Make me tender, like the young, green  
sapling,  
Faithful as the sky's most sacred blue,  
Let me linger—yes, let me linger,  
'Till I'm strengthened, formed anew.



# Relax

By Max Wardall



FEW people take kindly to new ideas. Indeed, Truth is usually a most unwelcome guest. Of course men do not really hate Truth, but they fear it. This dread is rooted in the desire for security. Truth has most disagreeable ways. It often strips us of our philosophical certainties and leaves us shivering nakedly on the gusty plains of doubt.

But fear is not the only enemy of Truth. It has a formidable foe in the human intellect. The intellect of man is but a receptacle for facts and concepts and has in itself no creative power. It is filled usually with a mass of obstructive rubbish—superstitions, ideas, doctrines, fossil sentiments set in primeval rock, religious platitudes that smoke but will not burn, moral anxieties, primitive taboos, and quantities of elemental nonsense. The intellect is well adapted in spite of these obstructions for the solution of purely mundane problems, but it has little or no valid place in a world of spiritual Truth. Set it on the trail of a food problem and it does good work, but let it follow after Truth and it falls into one pit after another. Truth is only perceived by that which is true, and that which is true in man is the tranquil creative mind which is the overlord of the intellect.

Here is one reason why some persons get so muddled over the message of the World-Teacher. They try to think it out with the intellect, and try in vain. Krishnamurti's teachings are highly provocative. They must be received with tranquillity and turned over to the higher mind. I have observed that those who are greatly upset by his writings and lectures are usually of the intellectual and critical types. They try to match his sayings with their own store of treasures, and they usually don't succeed!

Creative thinking comes only with mental relaxation. Only thus can the overlord of the intellect do his work. The

critical thinker is tense; the creative thinker is relaxed. The first fishes for ideas with a grappling hook; the latter sits down and soon finds them washed up at his feet.

We often hear the expression "creative thinking" used as though it were something like radium—found only in rare localities. Some even claim that genius has a monopoly on the product, and that the ordinary man is absolutely non-creative; but the truth is that all of us are susceptible to creative fancies. Wherever one finds enthusiasm, one is always sure to find creative thought. Creative-mindedness shows in an aptitude for new paths, in the ability to pioneer and invent, to dissect one's own environment and one's own mental equipment. It shows notably in the ability to overcome obstacles. Each person who, though confronting new conflicts, barriers, and hazards, yet slashes his way to victory, has usually his creative imagination to thank for it. No creature that lives is entirely devoid of it. The elephant who rescued his mate from a pit by dumping rubbish and dirt into it until the captive could step out did some high grade creative thinking.

Genius is not a biological variation. It is simply the ability to see likenesses in unlike things. It is the ability to take the elements of any situation away from their common and accepted associations and bring them into new and untried relationships.

Gillette groping for the safety razor, Beethoven exhaling a sonata, Einstein adjusting the universe—these are all examples of brooding minds swept along by the creative drift.

Enthusiastic people are more creative than others because there is usually an emotional quickening behind creative thought—it is spontaneous. But the curious thing about creative thoughts is that they often come when we are thinking about nothing or something else. It is usually an emergence. Most of our thinking



goes on underground. The Self, who must be regarded as the great organizer of concepts, is continually working within the tangled webs of thought and feeling that lie far beneath the surface. When it has made a synthesis it is ready to emerge. This is the time to stop and whittle or take a walk in the sunshine.

Through such relaxation the inner mind may toss up its latest unifying concept. It is in the moments of leisure, play, or idleness that the hidden mind is most creative. We need to take frequent holidays from our accepted tasks to give the Thinker a fair chance to tender us the products of his obscure labors.

Thoreau said, "Really efficient workers will not crowd the day with work. Why should the hen set all day? She can lay but one egg, and besides will not have picked up materials for a new one." Our best inspirations come when we are walking, riding, or even reading some uninteresting book.

One gentleman I met at a seaside resort on a recent lecture tour took me off into a sanctified area of the lecture room and said in a hoarse tense whisper, "What do you think of Krishnamurti?" I invited him to take a walk with me. We strolled down to the beach and walked far out on the white sand in silence. Some seagulls flew over us, graceful white-breasted messengers of life. I pointed up at one of them and said, "That is what I think of him." My friend looked at the gulls for a moment and then sat down upon the sand quite relaxed and soon we had talked it out.

There are two types I meet frequently: The first accepts Krishnaji's teaching with unblinking and uncomprehending complacency — the other declares he can not coördinate the teaching with what he already believes. The first type is quite harmless and sterile; the second is worthy and needs help else he will grope and groan in much darkness.

Is it really necessary to coördinate everything? Why must we go about trying to make everything fit? Trying to

make our notions conform is love's labor lost. It is an impressive example of tense objective thinking. Whatever is beautiful and sane and wholesome is likely to be true. One does not need to get irritated or depressed over it if perchance it is foreign to some other admirable thing previously acquired. Let the new and lovely thing float into the mind and sink down into the cool, subjective depths, and there by some cosmic magic it, and all its kin, will soon be reset into a new and shining mosaic of mind-stuff. Trying to resolve all inconsistencies at once is futile. Grappling for Truth with a desperate passion for conformity is unintelligent and unproductive.

If you are wedded to a philosophy that can not adapt itself to new Truth it is time to get a new one. Any philosophy that is complete is ready to be thrown away. Of course there is not any philosophy or religion that is complete. All are fragments and need mutual patching and matching to make them acceptable and fruitful.

If one says to himself, "I am determined only to see a perfect world. If I see anything else I won't believe it," he has divorced himself from reason and common sense. If one says, "I will see nothing but my own philosophy and if I see anything else I won't believe," such a one is intellectually and spiritually dead and only waits interment.

Let all the flowing streams of thought irrigate your mind. Let all teachings flow in and sink into the mind reservoir. If the stream is impure the Self will purify it, for the Self is germicidal and prophylactic.

The strong orthodox thinkers who shrink from the teachings of Krishnaji are missing great opportunities, for here is meat for strong men. Here is a message of stark individualism, clear, cold, and high. It removes from man his last sainted crutch and prop, leaving him and his Beloved alone in a universe where time and space are not.



# *The Ojai Pre-Camp Meeting*

By Marie Russak Hotchener



IN A hushed, wooded-silence, broken only by the wing-song of many insects, a large concourse of people awaited the appearance of Krishnamurti on his tree-shaded, leafy rostrum; and when he came and spoke, the silence grew deeper, as though upon its depth depended the power of the mind to penetrate the profundity of the Message.

The meetings were held for four week-ends, two in April and two in May. On Saturdays, questions were asked of him, and on Sundays he gave a "talk." The meetings were open to the public, and considering the distance of the Ojai Valley from cities, the large audiences were a delightful surprise. It was Emerson who said words to the effect that if a genius built himself a hut in a forest, the multitudes would soon make a well-worn path to his door. The paths of Ojai Oak Grove were certainly well-trodden by the thousands who found their way to partake of the genius of Krishnamurti.

"I speak from the viewpoint of Life, the only teacher," he said, and never has his Message been given in a more profoundly impressive manner or with greater power—even with so great a power, perhaps. His words seemed to descend from some vast, spiritual realm, and to invite, even earnestly to urge, his listener to leap across the gulf that separated him from his goal. His goal is his purpose. There exists but man on one side of the gulf, and his purpose on the other; the intervening space is measured by time and sequence of event, and man can leap this separation from his goal through the intelligent understanding of Life, and by an intense purposefulness to meet experiences and even to create them. By so doing, man can conquer the ordinary sequences of time and event, and bring the future ever more rapidly into the present. Man thus becomes and radiates light that

can no longer darken the highways and byways of life, or cast a shadow across the face of another. Man himself must be the perceiver and revealer of Truth—naught else avails.

The speaker so eloquently and convincingly propounded this work of liberation from the turmoils of existence, emphasizing the divine power within man as the only means of attainment, that it seemed as though God became His own Taskmaster: "Man is God; there is no God except as manifested in you."

Nor must the process of attainment be accomplished in the safe and solitary confines of a predetermined isolation, far from the turmoil of existence; on the contrary it must be done amid "the tears of life," and during the "delights of sorrow. It requires courage to destroy and genius to construct."

(I shall try to give the substance of a few of the points which Krishnamurti specially emphasized, and endeavor to explain some of the meanings of his Message as I have understood them; the full text of the Message, given at these meetings, will I hope be printed at some future time, as has formerly been done with his addresses.)

It is not an easy thing to search out the keynote of his talks at these week-end gatherings, for there were so many keynotes; but in a general synthesis of the whole one might choose self-reliance as receiving the greatest emphasis. This quality rang out in no uncertain tones. A self-reliance that is self-determined, self-initiated, self-accomplished.

The self-determination is appealed to by the intense desire to reach the goal—perfection—and that goal must be kept constantly before the mind; the self-initiated measures are those that must naturally be conditioned by individual environment and personal necessities and habits; the self-accomplishment depends upon the integrity, intelligence, and per-



sistent application of the aspirant. The whole must depend on the vital, *inner* resources of the individual, and not on those outside himself.

No prayers to outside authority will avail. No following of leaders, no worship, no religion, no priests, no ceremonies, no philosophies can accomplish this process of perfectionment *for* one. These crutches have always been resorted to, yet who has arrived at the place called righteousness? The only righteousness is character, and man alone is the builder of his character. In the words of Krishnamurti: "You pray, you worship, you perform rites and ceremonies, seek *external* help for your integrity—for your purpose in life. You will never find it thus. If you stopped worshipping, stopped praying, stopped performing rites, looked within yourself, and thereby established a poise of understanding in the mind and heart, you *would* find it."

He continued to impress upon his hearers the fact that man *must* become his own savior, otherwise there is no saving: "Individuals have to save themselves; there is no salvation as such from outside. They may pray, they may worship, they may go to churches and shrines, and they will not discover that solution, that balm that gives happiness to the soul. So the individual must contend with his own desires, with his own ambitions, with his own longings, with his own saving."

Other people may exemplify attainment, but man himself must qualify. He can attain self-reliance only through an intelligent comprehension of the Truth he becomes. He gradually gains this intelligence because *intelligence is the residue of all experience*.

Humanity is a mob, a mass of individuals, acting, feeling, thinking alike, through mob contagion, led hither and thither by outside habitual conventions, desires, compensations; it is a slave to these. Where are the individuals who will cast away these common things and become God-like enough to stand apart from the mob? Strong enough to be self-reliant, cultivating habits contributing to the goal, the purpose of independent self-perfectionment? Such a purpose is divine; the yearning to attain it must enter the soul and mind as molten iron, fiercely con-

suming the old and searching out for itself the more perfect molds of the new. Shaping the new molds will be the ever-hidden necessities and reasons of Life—its purposes—and these should express themselves unfailingly in each endeavor. Self-reliance will then be plainly demonstrated in all endeavor, to the glory and eventual liberation of the demonstrator.

Experience is void, worthless, if its purpose, its meaning is *not* demonstrated, or understood. Of what avail is sorrow if the intelligence does not delight in having discovered to itself its hidden meaning? Yet what individual tries to understand affliction! Instead he groans, weeps, despairs, resents. His groans, tears, despair, and resentment but enveil the wall whereon the handwriting is clearly traced. The whole experience results in a destructive, emotional debauch of self-pity.

It is otherwise with the power of affliction over the self-reliant person who is poised, steadfast, enduring, and jubilant in all events! He feels he cannot experience too much, or hope too much, or desire too much, of right desire, for thus he will the more rapidly cross the gulf between himself and the attainment of liberation from all earthly experience. He is thus freeing himself from the necessities of reincarnation—the otherwise seemingly endless succession of births, deaths, and rebirths. He knows well that the sole purpose of many lives and deaths is to gain necessary earthly experience, and he burns with eagerness to emancipate himself from that necessity. The more experiences, good and bad, through which he passes while comprehending their meaning, the nearer he is to liberation from them. He does not worry over them, but delights in searching out their meaning—what he is supposed to learn from them. He passionately seeks experience, creates it, tests his strength in it. By so doing it is almost incredible the amount of time one can fore-shorten between oneself and the goal: Man eventually becomes God.

"When man perceives that Truth which is the residue of all experience, then man becomes God. Man is God; there is no God outside man. Many may call me an atheist and all kinds of lovely names that will calm their minds, but that is of no value."



It is very comforting to have other people pray for one, tell one what to do, and think for one. But that, according to Krishnamurti, is stagnation. Nothing can bring true comfort but the attainment of a self-reliance based on personal understanding of Life's purpose. Each step is then a release from the thralldom of experience:

In reality the individual is not bound: "The individual is free. Nobody controls your desires. Nobody tells you what you should do with your desires. You do exactly as you wish, and thereby you create disaster for others. Nobody tells you in what manner you should love. So individuals are free.

"You make this liberation a something beyond, some mysterious thing. Isn't it what you want? Is it not when your desires are crushed, suffocated, that you desire freedom; when you observe man caught in a net of transient things, you wish to avoid it? So your desire is the only authority and if your desire is strong enough, you will achieve. There is no miraculous environment, miraculous guidance. Freedom is perfection, and perfection is not a freak in nature: it is the outcome of natural growth as that of a lovely, perfect flower. It is not a special divine manifestation or miracle mysteriously brought about in the world. Man is God, and the moment you perceive that in this life which is limitation lies sorrow, then at that very moment you are beginning to achieve."

The question was asked about the objections of some prudish people to discuss the problems of sex openly and intelligently, and if it were not better to do so. Krishnamurti said it was well thus to discuss them, but first it must be understood from the point of view of the purpose and freedom of Life: "In order to discuss the problem serenely and calmly, without undue excitement, logically, one must have a perception of where Life leads. Therefore, from my point of view there is neither good nor evil . . . from the eternal point of view; but there is good and evil for the man that lives in the shadow of the present which is constantly changing, varying; for him there is evil in the world and that is why he is so frightened, and has not seen where

Life individually and universally fulfils. Therefore you say this is right and this is wrong; this is good and this is bad.

"As to sex, if you want to be licentious, you will be, and will find innumerable excuses to be; but if you want to lead a clean life, a life of freedom, then you will understand. . . . You must first see where Life fulfils and the purpose of Life, and then all your problems of sex, and a hundred other things will be solved. Experience with a purpose is divine, creative; experience without a purpose is chaotic, destructive."

A question was asked relative to the existence and powers of supermen living in the Himalayan mountains, and if it was helpful to go there and learn from them. Krishnamurti replied that one did not need to go so far away; that Life was the principal thing to concentrate upon and from which to learn; that its lessons could be learned anywhere, in the street, in the home; that learning was so near, then why go so far? "You want some mystery to lead you to perfection, some enticement to natural growth." He then explained that the reason people seek such outside help is because they have not the courage or interest to solve the difficult problems of life for themselves. "You want to seek an easy way by turning to the Himalayas.

"I have said over and over again that it is unnecessary to have a teacher; it is unnecessary to have a mediator. It is perfectly true that I myself *have* sat and worshipped; but I have always come back to myself. There alone have I had to free myself, not at somebody's shrine or through any god. Since I have thus found myself, I would say the same to you. Do not sit in any temple or at the feet of any teacher. Do not follow anyone, do not worship anyone, but free that Life which is held in bondage of sorrow. Then you will be able to give freedom to the multitudes."

The question was asked of the speaker whether one could attain liberation in this life, or would this life be but the beginning of a big effort to reach the goal. He replied that it was possible for everyone to achieve if the desire is sufficiently strong, purposeful, constant; then he will achieve more quickly than other-



wise: the time depends upon the individual. He added:

"I mean by that, Life is not only desire, thought, and emotion, and more, but something which can only be attained by the balance, harmony, of all these; that is what I mean by the understanding of Life; nothing mysterious which can only be gotten through deep meditation, intuitively, but which can be acquired by

constant struggle, by putting aside the unessentials.

"What is meant by an intelligent man? An intelligent man is an individual who chooses the lasting from the fleeting, who chooses the essential from the unessential, who differentiates between the bitter and the sweet, and knows the Truth in the true, who distinguishes the false in the false; an intelligent man, a perfect man, is such a man."

## *The Camp Fire*

By John Burton



T my feet  
The fire . .  
Above my head  
The stars and the scented  
night . . . .

The wind blows cool  
From the forest,  
Scattering sparks  
From the blazing logs . . . .  
Great trees  
Thrust their heads  
Into the high airs above me,  
And quiver and rustle  
At the caress  
Of oncoming night . . . .

Brighter grow the stars,  
As the color fades slowly

From the West . . . .  
And in my heart  
Is peace,  
For all living things  
Are friendly,  
And the fire I kindled  
With the dead trees  
Is one with the Sun God  
Who shall awaken me  
At tomorrow's dawn . . . .

You are mine  
O World,  
Who know your secret . . .  
Mine is the life  
You veil  
As this fire  
Veils the warmth  
Of the Sun God.





# Women in Russia

By Barbara Poushkiné



IN THE first half of the nineteenth century day-schools for girls of all classes were founded. The fees were very low (about \$50 a year) and the knowledge imparted in them was varied and extensive. The course covered eight years and included in the higher forms fifteen or sixteen compulsory subjects. The hours of study were long—from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. On coming home the girls swallowed their dinner in haste and sat down to prepare their lessons for the morrow, working until ten or eleven at night. There were several famous private schools in Petrograd and Moscow which set a very high standard of education and were, so to speak, hothouses of intellectual training. They turned out graduates thoroughly acquainted with all branches of study, with well-developed and trained minds, and a capacity for sustained intellectual work. Unfortunately this mental development was usually achieved at the cost of their health. No sports, very little physical exercise of any kind, sandwiches for lunch (only just previous to the Revolution hot lunches became available at some of the schools), a scramble of a dinner at night, and then long hours of concentrated study in the evening was the daily program. The nervous strain was considerable and there was no prescribed relaxation to counterbalance it. However, those day-schools were the cradle of the Russian intelligentsia whose next stage of growth ran through the Universities.

The girls, after having finished the work in their own schools which had equipped them with a fair amount of knowledge and a taste and capacity for serious study, wanted to know more and to study more. But the State Universities were not accessible to women, so, in the seventies of the last century, a certain Mr. Bestoujeff opened private University

courses for girls with a complete University curriculum. From the very first they were flooded with students, and later on became a regular University recognized by the Government.

Of course the first two generations of girl-students had a hard fight of it and, as in the United States, some of the earlier women of learning were rather freakish and fanatical. Neither the Government nor "society" eyed them favorably. In those old-fashioned days when it was intended that ladies should walk blind and deaf through life, the idea that women were dissecting corpses and reading all kinds of indecent things in their medical books, for instance, was distasteful to many minds. Besides, smoking and wearing short hair, which some of them did, was so obviously immoral! The girls were deliberately slatternly, for that was the fashion for every right-minded girl-student. They held free companionship with men-students, upsetting all the prudish ideas of their elders and, generally speaking, made themselves generally objectionable. All this was done as a protest against—well, against everything under the sun.

But the men-students were stout champions of higher education for women, accepted them at once as comrades and chums, and admitted them on an absolutely equal footing to their innumerable political, artistic, and literary circles—in a word they made the women an integral part of the curious life, unique of its kind, of the Russian Universities.

The fundamentals of this life were science, art, and politics. I am afraid that the latter two sometimes elbowed out the first. Most of the students were poor; the average meager monthly budget of \$12 to \$15 included also a most important item in life—theatres and concerts. Although deliberately banishing all beauty from their personal appearance, nevertheless the students lived and fed on beauty.



The galleries of the theatres and concert halls were always packed with men and women students. It was obvious that many of them had dined on tea and dry bread for several days, but here they were listening with their very souls, and applauding—or hissing—frenetically, not just for the pleasure of making a noise, but from a keen appreciation and discrimination in art.

In many cases artistic reputations were made or unmade by the students; actresses and singers were careful to keep their sweetest smiles for the sea of young faces up there under the theatre ceiling. Sometimes it meant more for their careers than the ponderous judgments of the critics in the front rows. And when an actress had her horses unharnessed and her carriage pulled through the streets by students—then she had “arrived” indeed.

Politics! The mass of students in Russia, men as well as women, could be divided into three types: those who, because of their conservative opinions, did not dip into the seething sea of liberal thought; those who worked under the delusion that Universities were places for study and wanted to go ahead with their work to gain their degrees; and lastly the turbulent mass of actual revolutionaries and revolutionary-minded students. I should think that these latter formed the majority. They led a hectic life. Hot debates, open and secret revolutionary activities, meetings, strikes, riots, formed the normal make-up of the life of the University.

As a result of their activities some Universities were closed down for certain periods, then reopened again; students were suspended permanently or temporarily, were arrested then released, or exiled to distant parts of the Empire. This state of things created dissension among the young people themselves, for those who did not want to meddle in politics objected to becoming involved in disturbances which interfered with their studies.

Anyhow, life was by no means dull in a Russian University. It was bubbling over with the purest idealism, with wild utopias, with clearly defined political plans, with burning enthusiasm, and with a fearless spirit of sacrifice, with love and hate—unfortunately, much of the latter.

This University life was fresh and vibrant, not always wise, perhaps even seldom so. No repressive measures could effectively curb conditions which kept the older generation of political leaders and bureaucratic fogies so constantly on the lookout.

I wonder whether in any other country the young people have ever taken such an active part in political life as they did in Russia. Their participation in it developed chiefly after the reforms of Alexander II. In 1859 he abolished serfdom and introduced a number of drastic reforms in all departments of the national life, which were enthusiastically received. The peasants now set free had to be educated, and there arose spontaneously “the movement to the people,” also unique in its kind and far-reaching in its results. Hundreds of people of both sexes and of all ages, especially the young sons of noblemen and landowners, left their homes and went to live among the peasants, sharing their life in every way, and teaching them to read and write, the elements of hygiene, the care of children, and so on. At its inception this movement was purely idealistic and educational; innumerable doctors, teachers, and mid-wives went into the country, leaving lucrative positions in cities, and lived on bare pittance and in uncomfortable surroundings in order to teach and serve the ignorant, long-suffering peasants.

However, this movement very soon took on another character. The education of the peasant became a pretext for revolutionary propaganda. Men and women students travelled all over Russia, going from village to village, inciting the peasants to revolt, and sowing atheistic ideas. Girls were just as active as men, and they have played a very prominent part in the history of the revolutionary movement.

Seeing the spread of the revolutionary ideas, the Government tried to stop it by the usual stupid and ineffectual means. People were arrested, plots against the life of the Tsar were discovered, and their initiators were sent to prison or exiled. In the seventies there was the memorable “trial of the 193.” The most remarkable feature of this affair was that the eldest among the 193 revolutionaries, the famous



Miss Breshko-Breshkovskaya, was 29 years of age; a few others were between 23 and 25; and all the rest were boys and girls from 16 to 20, so that the judges were at a loss what to do with them. And yet the charges were very serious. Most of them were exiled to Siberia. Because of her advanced age of 29, Miss Breshko-Breshkovskaya was called "The Granny," and she retained this nickname all through her life; a few days ago the 85th birthday of "The Granny of the Revolution" was celebrated with great pomp in Prague. In her memoirs—not yet published, but which the writer of the present article has translated into English—she rather de-

plores that the Revolution she and her companions had so diligently prepared has taken the turn it has, and admits that after all the Russian peasant cannot live without the conception of God in one form or another.

This excursion into the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia is not a digression from our subject, since women have taken such a prominent part in it that it could not be overlooked, even in such a cursory sketch as the present one.

(This is the second of a series of articles on Russian women. The first described their emancipation from oriental seclusion and virtual slavery, and the beginnings of education for girls in Russia.)

## *Liberation in Speech and Song*

By Glen Ellison



RISHNAJI, in one of his talks at the Ommen Camp last year, made the statement, "The purpose of life is the freedom of life, the liberation of life from all things that restrict the freedom of that life."

Now this seems to me a very significant statement when we consider it in the light of music, and especially the branch of music which I am going to take up especially—namely, music in its vocal expression—though we shall find that the above statement can also be applied to all branches of art, as well as to life in general.

Another statement made by Krishnaji was "We must become simple with the simplicity that is born out of refinement, and in order to express that refinement we must train the body, which is the outward expression of our inward greatness, spirituality, and nobility. And to gain control of the body needs practice and continual care, and then the body will develop harmoniously, and will not have habits, tricks, and sudden desires of its own. The body is merely the instrument of the Self, and as the Self becomes more refined, the body must also represent in the outward

form the inward feeling, and be able to represent, act, and do the things you desire."

Now, it seems to me that too little attention is paid to the body, to make it a free and unrestricted channel for the expression of the life; and especially in its application to the life in music, and its expression through our forms through the vocal standpoint. This same principle is of universal interest, because everyone, except the dumb perhaps, do try to express themselves vocally, if not in song then in speech, and the principle that I am going to take up applies just as much to the life force expressed in conversation as in song.

How many people, I wonder, could really and truthfully say that their body is perfectly free and liberated from all restrictions, tightness, habits, and fears, and can express the one universal Life whether in thought, speech, or song. I don't suppose one in ten thousand could absolutely fulfil the above requirements. Now why is this? Surely something which is of such universal importance as the vocal expression of life through speech and song, should not be so complicated and difficult that not one in ten thousand



can accomplish it perfectly. On the contrary, I believe in principle it is not difficult, but is very simple.

In the above statement quoted of Krishnaji's, he said we must become simple. Well, I feel that is perfectly true. It is we who have built into ourselves the complications and difficulties that are paralyzing the free expression of that life, and those complications and habits are now so strongly a part of us that we take it as a perfectly natural condition, and let it go at that.

How often one hears the remark from people, "Oh, I can't sing, I have no voice,"—and as the person says so, he tightens his throat, and strains his voice, which has the very effect of killing the thing he wants to do.

Now, what is the cause of this almost universal condition of faulty vocal expression? Well, I would sum it up principally in one word, *fear*. Fear is one of the most deadly words in the English language, and has the most far-reaching and devastating effect. Remove fear by replacing it with confidence, and all would be easy and simple. It is this fear that makes you lose confidence and get nervous and thereby spoil or at least interfere with your efforts to express the life in speech and song through your body. This fear makes us live in a world of false and ugly sounds, which have a very bad effect upon us, and it seems nowadays that people have lost all sense of the beautiful and true in vocal expression and have *no* standards of vocal efficiency, especially in speech. I do hope the day will come sometime, when the utterance of false and ugly sounds, which betray the beautiful and true, will be as unwelcome in the world as false and ugly characters.

Now what have the music schools or voice culture done to help remove this condition which confronts us? Well, I suppose we will have to give them some credit for their well-intentioned efforts, even if the results of these efforts might have been more successful. Now how is it that with I suppose millions in the world who try to sing, that there are comparatively very few singers who succeed? I often think that the few who do succeed do so in spite of some of the teaching given out to them.

To me music is a divine principle which is universal, not something that is specially given to the few and debarred from the many. I feel, personally, that all who can speak and can recognize a tone when they hear it, can also be taught to sing. I do not mean by that that all can sing equally well, as the physical structures or bodies which act as the instruments of expression vary in their build and construction, as do the various kinds of pianos which express the various kinds of players. I do contend that all could be taught to express themselves in a harmonious and true manner, which would bring them a greater sense of peace, happiness, and harmony.

In a world where this was understood and music was a big part of the life, one could easily imagine that it would make the conditions of life so harmonious and peaceful that the great evils of war, strife, selfishness, and suffering would disappear altogether in time.

Now why do the schools not get better results? There again I feel they start from the wrong end. They work too much on the form side, and too little on the life. In other words, they seem to think, as so many do, that man is a body and has a soul somewhere upstairs, whereas man is a soul and *has* a body. The body is not the man, but the instrument or vehicle through which he expresses himself, the same as the piano is not the pianist but is an instrument or vehicle through which the pianist expresses himself. The same with the violin or any other instrument.

Since the schools of music which have concentrated on the form chiefly, and not on the life, have not succeeded very well, we ought to reverse the process and concentrate on the life, and liberate the form from all that restricts, binds, and interferes with the free expression of the life; and then the body will be able to fulfil the desired requirements necessary to obtain the freedom of life, quoted at the beginning of this article, and will represent, act, and do the things you desire.

As I said before, it is not difficult in principle. Breathe and speak properly as a human being was originally meant to breathe and speak. Speak on a sustained musical tone, with every word on its own note, and that will be singing.

Isadora Duncan, in her autobiography,



says she discovered this same principle in relation to the dance, and could get the children in her school to understand it, and when appearing in the Metropolitan Opera House before vast audiences, they were enabled to hold those audiences with a magnetism generally possessed only by great artists. But when the children grew older, the counteracting influences of materialistic civilization took this force from them and they lost their inspiration.

That has been the experience of all of us. We were born free and relaxed, simple and natural, but the counteracting influences of materialistic civilization have caused our fears, and have taken away that simplicity, confidence, faith, and trust, so beautiful in children, and brought us all more or less to a condition of unnatural and restricted vocal expression, which distorts life.

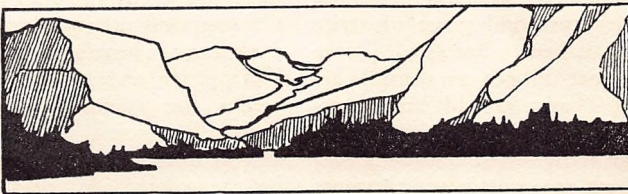
So you see it is not a case of voice placing, or any other specific method which works on the form, but rather a process of elimination from the body or form of all that is restricting the life; and when that is done, the life in music which you create with your thought and feelings will come through your form in its highest and best and the world will be so much the better for your effort to bring to it more rhythm, harmony, melody, truth, and life.

That has been my musical guide and philosophy for over twenty years, and in all that time I have held to that vision of truth, and worked almost alone along these lines during these years. My one and only teacher, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, at the Royal Academy of Music in London, England, taught me the principle that the poet creates the poem with his thought, and puts it into the form of words. The musician reading the poem, gets the thought and melody from the words, on the mental and inspirational

planes, and *he* puts it into the form of musical notes.

The singer, who is the interpreter of the poet and the musician, has to get the thought of the poet and the music of the musician in his higher bodies, by thinking and listening and hearing the melody in the words, and then bring through his instrument or body, which must be free from all restrictions, all that he thinks, feels, and hears. It is all so simple if we would only analyze ourselves, and remove the complications which we have built, and express ourselves as the refined, intelligent, and divine beings which we really are. It is sad to see how bound people truly are in their vocal expressions with habits and fads which in many cases make it impossible for the life in music to pour through them at all; and if these people were only to free their bodies from all these restrictions and tightness, and learn to relax and breathe properly, because relaxation and the conservation of energy is the secret of the whole thing, then they would be surprised to hear perhaps for the first time that not only had they a voice, but in many cases a good voice.

As I said before, it is chiefly a process of eliminating the clogging habits that smother the voice, and leaving the voice free; and when that is done, there is no reason why the highest and best that a person can think and feel and understand should not be expressed through his or her instrument, if it were only taught to be free enough to be a fit vehicle for the expression of the life within. It would make singing and speaking a form of spiritual meditation which would bring a sense of joy and happiness constantly, because every sound made would be the expression of an inward thought and feeling, and whether in speech or song, would be a true expression of life.





# Peace and Power

By Ethelwyn Mills



WE LIVE in impotence and weakness; even in this hour of unexcelled achievement, science, and invention, man is still overpowered by the elements; his body is wracked with disease; his emotions are torn by sorrow and disappointment; we batter our heads ceaselessly against walls of ignorance and limitation. Still we dream of Power—Power which shall give man dominion over the elements; Power which shall make him happy and well; Power which shall give the human mind the keys to the universe!

We live in bitterness and unrest; in racial hatred, class strife, international war, monstrous cleavages in the human family. Still we dream of Peace—Peace which shall spread her fair mantle over the peoples of earth, Peace which shall dissolve our walls of separation, our lines of division, Peace by which all shall live in understanding and good will!

When we are inspired, at some great moment in our consciousness, it is easy to believe that Peace and Power are both possible, are both the heritage of the human race, shall both be manifested in our experience. Can this great hope find fulfilment? How? Can we keep it alive and active in our minds, so that it shall not be drowned in the fogs of our ignorance and discouragement, so that it shall not be extinguished by the harsh facts, fights, and oppressions of every day?

Peace and Power are both considered here as individual achievements; also as conditions and methods of nations, races, classes, and all social groups, where at present we see a preponderance of strife and unrest. I believe that real Peace would bring great Power to men. I believe that real Power would bring perfect Peace. This possibility of interaction is true because neither is a complete goal in itself, but both are constituent elements in something deeper and more inclusive.

What is this deeper thing? It is the One Life, that which in its own nature is Order, Wisdom, Law, Truth, Light, Power, Peace, and Love; that which permeates and pervades all created beings, all of nature, all of matter, all of mind, all elements seen and unseen, this world, this solar system, all solar systems, all universes; that which was, is, and ever shall be; that which shall one day find through us, petty creatures that we are, through all creatures and all elements, its perfect expression and manifestation. So at last, when the long, long journey shall have been ended, when the hard, hard lessons shall have been learned, when the consciousness of man shall have burst the petty confines of the separated self, then shall man wield with ease the transcendent Power which shall bring Peace within his own soul and in all the world. Until then, what are we going to do? Where are we going to start?

There is but one starting-place—that is with ourselves. "Let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause." There is no Peace in our world because man is still at war within himself. There is no Power because man's mind has chosen weapons of weakness and not of strength.

On the material plane, we have used physical force, armed violence, poison gas, the policeman's club, class legislation, the protection of dollars, foul prisons, capital punishment, oppression, and exploitation. We have lived under economic orders of slavery, feudalism, and class warfare. To these things we have ascribed Power; to them we have given our sanction; we have set them in places of honor; and although essentially they are breeders of darkness, we have sent them forth to bring light, peace, and well-being to men.

On the mental plane, we have enthroned suspicion, fear, hatred, and prejudice; we have put our faith (which should be the strong arm of the mind) in the physical weapons mentioned above. We



have classified our children, our defectives, our so-called criminals, our dark-skinned brothers, the people of rival or enemy nations, the downtrodden victims of economic injustice, the wage slaves of today, as if they were all puppets or inferior beings; certainly not as if they were animated by the same surging, beautiful, overwhelming Life which dwells in our own breasts. Thinking of them thus, we have believed that we must rule them, that we must master them with our superior wisdom. To secure this mastery, we have used a preponderance of physical might and coercion. To justify ourselves in these practices, we have kept flying back and forth like poisoned arrows the mental entities of divisiveness, separation, suspicion, and fear.

On the spiritual plane, our concepts and activities have been meager, so far as they are related to the problems of every day in our actual world. This is almost an unexplored region for action. Some of us may sincerely believe that the sending forth of spiritual Power into the world will bring Peace, but to most of us that sort of belief still holds the stigma of idle sentiment, of high-flown words, of futile imagination; and we have not seriously taken it into our reckoning as an actual working force or as an agent of power in the changing and remolding of the governments, the economics, the courts and laws, the corrective agencies, and the million and one activities in concrete human society.

Consider particularly the conspicuous field of activity which is known as international relations, the vast arena where war holds sway, and where such Peace as we have is as yet insecure. The attitude of the average patriot is a perfect picture of this reliance on physical force and this mental state of suspicion and fear, each bolstering up the other, which I have endeavored to portray in the preceding sentences.

We see man now where his nationalism and patriotism, that is, his loyalty to the country of his birth or citizenship, is extolled to the nth degree. To defend that country, to make it strong and powerful, to give it wide dominion, to die for it if necessary, is upheld by school, pulpit, and

press as the greatest virtue, the highest social service, and the epitome of noble human character; and this is partially true.

The typical human child strives only for his own food and comfort. Then he shares with the members of his own family and tries to increase and protect their welfare. He merges himself in the social body of his school, his friends, and his neighborhood. He may take part in the collective activities of his city or his home town. His circle enlarges and takes in his country, his native land. In the present generation we are learning to supplement our national patriotism and loyalty with an international interest and understanding, which widens our circle of loyalties still more. This internationalism does not supplant nationalism any more than nationalism supplants family love. It is leading us to the point where we desire the perfecting of the individual nation, that it may make its own best contribution to the world family; and the establishment in addition to the perfect nation of an internationalism, replete with a background of intelligent thinking and good will, and with a foreground of methods for a non-war settlement of disputes, institutions of peaceful security and coöperation, and a new body of international law. There is doubtless something still higher than internationalism, which will be a conscious knowledge of the Oneness of all Life.

We have long been taught that our governments, our nationalism, our hope of Peace and Power is secured by the might of military protection. A recent Secretary of the Navy has been quoted, in all seriousness, as having urged that we increase our armaments and warships, for the sake of Peace. He said that too much arms and militarism provoked war; that too little invited war; but just enough prevented war. I would as soon put my faith in a physician who said that too much poison would kill you; and too little poison would induce death; but just the right amount would make you healthy. The reasoning of the past has told us that to induce Peace we must prepare for war—must be better prepared for war than any other nation. We have endeavored to answer whatever threat has been made or might be made against us by still great-



er threats—threats of violence, devastation, slaughter; threats of no higher order than the snarling fangs of a beast.

The newer reasoning tells us that to induce Peace we must prepare for Peace; surely this is not a fallacious conclusion. Whatever Power is vested in conscientious building for Peace to my mind partakes of the Power of the Almighty, the Power of the One Life.

It seems as if we were in the state now where we blow hot and cold with the same breath. With great care, after long deliberation, in the midst of great thanksgiving the nations sign a pact agreeing to renounce war and to use only pacific means in settling their quarrels. Almost before the first thrill of gratification over this achievement has passed, our own nation, the so-called leader of freedom and peace, holding in her hands almost incredible power and influence, the very nation which had initiated the pact renouncing war—this nation votes to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in the increase of her navy, commonly known as her first line of national defense. She threatens the whole world with gunpowder and bombs; she opens a race in the increase of naval armaments, so that the parliaments of sister nations across both seas immediately plunge into the orgy of warlike defense, voting also to build more war vessels, install more guns, keep alive for future decades the wholesale slaughter of human beings, and charge the atmosphere of earth with fear, hate, threat, and suspicion. Threat brings threat; fear breeds fear. The threat of violence has never yet engendered the promise of gentleness; fear can never bring to birth confidence and friendship between the nations. Preparation for warlike defense has never brought a happy or permanent peace. Nor can it do so.

But just as truly, good will breeds good will. Suppose after ratifying the Paris Pact of Peace, the American Congress said: "No, we do not need the cruisers now; we are determined to establish means for the pacific settlement of all disputes," what then would the other nations have done? No prophet can tell how much progress might have been made, if this nation, or some nation, had immediately commenced to improve the means of peace-

ful security. Our fear still wraps us round, and we can scarcely trust the Pact for one little hour.

The Power of mankind—that which should be the replica of Universal Peace—is still chained to physical violence and armed force. The mind of mankind still places its hope of deliverance in distrust, division, and dissension, and in methods of economic and political procedure that set the interests of class against class, race against race, nation against nation.

The scattered few with vision and courage who dare to lift their heads and break through the heavy machinery of old customs, are busy indeed with much activity. They are trying to build and perfect a League of Nations, a World Court, numerous conferences and commissions, all parts of a stupendous effort to organize the world as a unit. The idea here is as it should be—that each nation should preserve its own identity, culture, customs, education, and individual heritage; and that there should also be some central points of agreement, some points of common law, some adequate means of conference and adjudication, by which they can all be governed in those many important matters of intercourse in which we are compelled to deal with each other.

All this is good. It is an indication of genuine growth in the mind and conscience of mankind. I honor it. I think we should all be glad for it. It is a sincere regret to many of us that the separative pride and policy of the United States have kept her isolated from many of these efforts.

But why don't these efforts succeed? They do a little; why don't they do more? After ten years of trial, why is it that today there is militarism and a mass of military preparedness in the world unheard of and unsurpassed in history? Why does the strong nation propose a perpetual Peace Pact and increase her naval arms at almost the same moment?

I believe there is but one answer: Because on the one hand the peoples of earth still ascribe Power to armies and navies and airplane bombs. Their fear and their littleness have not allowed them to break free from this idea of protection. But to the spiritual eye, the strength which lies in these weapons does not even



partake of the nature of real Power; it is not even a picture of that divine Power which shall at last bring certain Peace.

Arms are absolutely impotent to bring even a shadow of the positive, beneficent conditions of living which is friendliness, understanding, good will, coöperation, which we designate as permanent World Peace. Therefore, as long as our League of Nations, World Court and other institutions of collective action are bound to and protected by armies, just so long will they be shorn of Power.

On the other hand, it might be a logical and legitimate question to ask whether the fact that there is admitted progress in the existence and the efforts of these collective agencies, the fact that to a certain extent they are media for mutual counsel, reason, and law, instead of war and destruction—whether these facts do not endow them with Power, the real Power which shall bring Peace.

I believe that, insofar as these agencies really do depend on mutual counsel, reason, and law, and not on the arms of war, to that extent are they laying themselves open, qualifying themselves, so to speak, to be recipients of that spiritual Power which can bring Peace.

This Power, however, belongs to a higher realm, a loftier plane, than law and cold, intellectual reason. It flows from the same source whence flow also love, tenderness, wisdom, infinite patience and consideration, perfect understanding and good will. These are no mere sentiments. They are actual cohesive forces in the world. Their action is stronger than the strongest cement in the masonry of men. They ought to be, and I believe shall be, the central idea, the *raison d'être*, the moving force, which shall eventually justify and ennoble our outward forms of world government. They are the manifestations in experience of the inward unity, of the existence of the eternal, omnipresent One, without Whom life is but "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Now, how are we going to bring our League of Nations, our World Court, and all the instrumentalities of international action to the point where they will be channels of this great Power, and will thus assure positive, perpetual Peace?

Let us ask here, too, how are we going to bring other phases of our practical associated life to the plane where they will manifest beauty, strength, and harmony? How shall we lift our families, our schools, social work, corrective institutions, hygiene and healing, churches, industry, commerce, economies, and politics to the point where real Power shall transform them into instruments of Peace and Love?

Again, there is but one answer. It will be done through individual men and women, boys and girls, who in themselves are conscious bearers of Power. Peace, Light, Love, Power. Those things which are integral foundation principles of the inner worlds, constituent elements of the One Life, cannot manifest in the outer world except through us. Hidden in the recesses of our being, borne "in our deepest heart by night and day," this Power is waiting—waiting for the mental concept of itself to be fired by the individual will to serve, until it shall burst into action.

We must arouse the spirits of men for Peace, the spirits are already deeply linked to eternal Order, Power, Love and Peace. Arouse them so that in the outer mind, feelings, and actions there shall be a keen sense of responsibility for allowing the indwelling Power to function through us; a responsibility which will register in our daily thoughts and lives. In checking up, one might ask: Have I done anything, thought, said, or felt anything today that is unfriendly, unneighborly, unkind, toward any child of man, particularly toward someone of another group, race, nation, or class than myself? Further, have I done anything positive, have I sent forth anything today in my thoughts, words, or actions, which will definitely increase friendliness, neighborliness, kindness among all children of men, particularly among those of a different group or nation than myself? Furthermore, one might say: In addition to my personal work, I will give every encouragement to the scores of splendid, heroic men and women today who strive to build a better world. I will work side by side with them in councils and gatherings. I will do what I can to bring in still others. I will put forth my strength



to uphold the hands of those who labor earnestly and long for sane social change. I will study and think and work in behalf of many causes.

Let us never forget, however, the primary importance of individual responsibility, the grave obligation of each for himself, to keep his thoughts noble, his heart loving, his motives pure, his will like a keen blade, and to make of himself a perfect channel for the indwelling Power. It is as if this Power had been crying to man for centuries: "Let me through. Give me a channel. Break down the barriers of your material life. Give me sway. And I will guide you and all men into paths of Peace."

Each must needs make the channel in his own particular way; each must give expression to the great Life according to his individual genius. The artist may not be the jurist; the teacher of little children may not be the engineer; but the purpose, the idea, the will may be centered on the same goal, and the responsibility dwells with each in like measure.

The Power which shall bring Peace between nations, which shall bring justice in our economics, which shall bring health to our bodies, efficiency to our education, mercy and help to our social and corrective agencies, this Power shall be set free, shall become active in our world, to just the extent that you and I, in ever larger and larger numbers, feel our distinct individual responsibility and more and more allow it to flow through us.

There is but One Power. The Power which heals the body, which causes hope

to rise eternal in the human breast that each individual may renew his courage and find his way through the maze of his personal difficulties, is the same Power that at last brings reason, law, and order to triumph over the bloody battlefield; the same Power that has led some few men and women to work for a social reconstruction that shall bring the blessings of plenty to all and not to a few, that shall administer production for use and not for profit, that shall make work a joy and not a drudgery. It is the same Power that has given us the vision of a day when all the races of men shall give due respect to each other, and shall learn to understand and appreciate the varied heritage of each.

This is the development of a new attitude of mind and practice of life which will take the place of the older one with its war and strife and injustice. The emphasis is shifted from single acts or habits without to a habit of consciousness within.

The seat of Power is within. This Power, manifesting through the channels of Love, alone can bring Peace. This is true of the individual and of society. It can come to pass in society in only one way. That way is through the minds, the hearts, the words, the acts of many, many individuals who see the Vision and lend themselves to it. This is the beginning and the end. When enough of us shall have embarked on this path, then

"Peace shall over all the world  
Her ancient splendors fling,  
And all the earth give back the song  
Which now the Angels sing."





# Along the Road

By John Elliott



HEY were walking along the road of life together: Youth, anywhere from 18 to 25; Age, anywhere from 50 to 65. Youth, pressing on with eager, joyous strides, was speaking and gesturing animatedly. Age, a little weary with the long walk, checked the pace of Youth somewhat, and answered now and then with considered speech and easy assurance of superior knowledge. They paused beneath the shade of a friendly tree for a short rest.

"Some say," Youth was saying, "that he is the flower of mankind who comes to earth only once in a thousand years."

"Such come occasionally to lighten the hearts of men," replied Age. "All the ancient scriptures speak of them. They are World-Teachers. Maybe he is one."

"But," protested Youth, "I know nothing about World-Teachers or the veracity of ancient scriptures. It is not even his teachings that impress me most. It is the man himself, it is the life that irradiates from him, a sense of vivid reality, a genuineness that seems more potent than the words he utters. This it is that wins me to him."

"What says he," Age queried, "about starting a new religion? For when I was young I was taught by my elders that there would come a World-Teacher who would found a religion that would draw men together, that would teach the eastern doctrines of reincarnation and karma, of the life after death. What says he of these?"

"He does not say anything of them," answered Youth impetuously; then corrected himself, adding, "Yes, I remember his saying something about them in answer to pointed questions, but it was as if they were of secondary importance. His main theme is Life and Truth: Life as far-flung as the glorious sky overhead, Truth as warm and pungent as the light and

heat of this glorious sun. He said that to get the utmost out of our daily experience is more important than to read the opinions and theories of others."

"You mean," asked Age, "that he does not establish a clear set of philosophical principles that contains immemorial truths, truths that have guided men since ancient times?"

"I only know," replied Youth, "that he speaks words that do not need the confirmation of ancient authorities. He affirms that each one of us can be an ample witness for himself to Life and Truth, that you and I and all do not need books and teachings and cut-and-dried systems of ancient belief; that experiences themselves teach us; that Life is like a sea of nectar in which, if we but freely immerse ourselves, we may be sustained in safety and nourishment and obtain every exhilaration of existence; that within each one of us is the self-power to learn the way to happiness if we but turn often to it instead of to the words and books of others whether ancient or modern"—Youth paused out of breath for enthusiasm, but with eyes alight with excitement.

"It all seems different from what I had expected," mused Age. "I wonder if he is really the World-Teacher."

"I cannot say what he is," answered Youth, simply. "It is not who he is but what he says that matters. I know that he speaks in a language I understand. His independence of past authorities, his appeal to present facts and experiences, his mental union with what is here and now, rather than what was there and past, his freedom from the thralldom of religions, and societies, and creeds—all this is so in harmony with what other youths and I feel, that he seems that very spirit of the present, incarnate. I do not pause to look back and compare as you do—maybe I shall do that later—I just rush forward in the very exuberance of happiness at



having found someone who seems to embody knowledge that brings the freedom and happiness of Life itself."

"But when I was young I was told—" said Age—

"Let us on with our journey," suggested Youth gently, "for this Eternal Youth said that not out of the past but out of

the present alone is lasting happiness to be found."

And they rose and walked along the road of Life, Age a little weary and troubled, with eyes somewhat dim, and often glancing back at the road behind; Youth lovingly helping him, but with head erect and bared to the fresh breezes, and with eager joyous mind and heart.

## *A Child's Soul*

By Mae Van Norman Long



AN article entitled "Teaching Your Child Religion," in the *World's Work* magazine for February, Harry Emerson Fosdick grapples in a straightforward manner with the present-day problem of teaching religion to children. In the handling of his subject-matter the famous theologian is masterly, and, as always, sincere. It is illuminative and instructive to study this article and to compare it with what Krishnamurti is giving us on the same subject.

Dr. Fosdick says: "Even with the best of intentions, however, a child's religious training under modern conditions of thought and life presents a difficult problem. Many are in bewilderment on the subject. They find no royal road, neatly defined and smoothly surfaced, over which they can direct the religious discipline of a growing mind. This problem is not only crucial for many families but it is one of the most significant that American social culture faces; and the more it can be brought out into the light and discussed without sectarian partisanship as a public matter of large import, the better it will be for the next generation.

"The way parents lie to their children in matters of religion is to me a constant and shocking astonishment. Here is a mother who tells me that in answer to her four-year-old's question as to where God is she has said, 'In heaven'; and in reply to further inquiry as to where

heaven is she has said, 'In the sky.' This mother has now waked up to the fact that these heedless answers were downright falsehoods. She was giving replies based on the old cosmology of a flat earth with a solid blue firmament above, beyond which God lived. She did not believe that herself. She knew the child would grow up not to believe it, and yet she was imposing on the helpless credulity of her own infant by a deliberate lie about the whole matter. She did not, apparently, comprehend that teaching the child an idea of God set in such an incredible framework of imagination was the surest way to insure an issue that least of all she desired—that child, namely, coming home from college sometime to say that she does not believe in God at all.

"The more one watches so-called religious families live, both in spoken word and daily practice, rising not one whit above the mediocre of local caste lines and racial prejudices that characterize the pagan mob, the clearer it is that something much more radical than conventional methods of religious education is needed to give us high-minded children. In so far as American family life is heathen, children will be heathen also, no matter what creeds they are taught. Some time ago a boy went out from college to work in a factory owned by one of his father's companies. After a few months there he wrote home to the following effect: Father calls himself a Christian, but if he



could see the conditions in this factory from which his money comes he would either drop the name or change the factory.

"In the long run no teaching of religion in a home matters except that which expresses the way of living that the home practices. In a family where generosity reigns, where servants are regarded as human beings first and hired helpers afterward, where differences between Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, white and colored, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, are lines across which appreciation and good will run freely, alike in word and action, and where the sources of the family income are honorable and humane, any religious teaching such as the gospels supply will be the elucidation of a kind of life visible to the child's eyes. It will be readily assimilated, and it will sink deep. But apart from such practice of religion, all teaching of religion is largely futile form."

In reference to such practical suggestions concerning application of righteousness to daily life, Krishnamurti sums up the whole of it in the sentence: "The only righteousness is the righteousness of character."

Dr. Fosdick continues, and gives his conception of an impersonal God:

"The New Testament says that God is love; that where love is, God is also, dwelling in those who are lovers of their fellows; that God is spirit, surrounding and interpenetrating us so that He lives in us and we live in Him, and wherever goodness, truth, beauty, and love are within or without, He is there too; that He is like a fountain underground in our lives, trying to break up into our experience so that all that is best in us is God in us. Some parents seem to think such an idea of God is too rarefied to be taught to children. Upon the contrary, it is adults who commonly are too crass to understand it, while children can grasp it more easily than they can any other. To give to a child's imagination a magnified man dwelling in the sky as a picture of God, when this New Testament conception is waiting for our use, is to steal part of a child's birthright and condemn him in advance to a religious upset."

Fosdick's protest against the image or anthropomorphic conception of God as a "magnified man" recalls a paragraph of Krishnamurti's in *Let Understanding Be The Law*: "I have never said there is no God. I have said there is only God as manifested in you. . . . I prefer to call this Life."

Does Fosdick's conception of God as love within us—characterized by him as "the New Testament spirituality"—parallel Krishnamurti's conception of God as Life? Krishnamurti's contribution of wisdom to humanity goes unlabeled—he says, "Drink the water, if the water is clean." In his simplicity is his strength. But let us visualize, for a moment, a mother deeply imbued with this ideal of God as Life endeavoring to set before her child the vitality and loveliness of the picture Krishnamurti has painted:

"My child," she might say, "there is a song in the heart of everyone—the song is of Life. Listen, and you will hear! Hidden in the petal of every flower is the same divine Life that flows in you—it is in every bird and animal, in every shrub and tree. In that sense you are one with every flower that grows, with every bird that sings, with every butterfly that flutters over the green fields—you yourself are the green fields. You cannot separate Life into Mary Jones, Sally Tompkins, and little Johnnie Weatherby . . . no! There is only One Life. And when you love you are expressing that Life. Love ever more and more, and you will see Life, which Krishnamurti calls 'the Beloved,' everywhere."

I can imagine the child coming to her mother, her hands flower-filled: "Oh, Mother, is the Life you speak of in these flowers?"

"Yes, dear."

"And is it in me too—are you sure?"

"Very sure."

"And in Mary Jones, and Sally Tompkins?"

The mother smiles. "A great Teacher has said, 'I am all things, because I am Life. You cannot bind the wind, or gather the waters of the sea in your fist.' Do you see, little girl, you cannot really separate Life into this personality and that? Personality is only a form expressing Life."



The child goes away with something to think about. The next day she returns to her mother's side. "Mother—please—who is the *Beloved*?"

A swift flash of light irradiates the mother's face, perhaps sudden illumination has flooded her soul. "Oh, my child, my child—He is *Mary Jones, Sally Tompkins, little Johnnie Weatherby!*" Heaven has opened and the angels have drawn near.

Fosdick continues: "Most parents condescend to their children when they talk about religion. They never need to. There is no idea of God, however deep and spiritual, whose essential meaning a little child well trained from the beginning cannot grasp. I still recall the day I found one of my children thinking of God in terms of physical form and opened to her the idea of God as an indwelling spirit. She was only six years old, but she took to the New Testament spirituality with perfect ease."

Again I should like to remark, just here, that Krishnamurti's, "You are everything, and He is in you," expresses what Fosdick calls "the New Testament spirituality." But the latter contends that the "popular undervaluing of outward religious acts is thoroughly bad psychology." He even argues that ritual, "with all its dangers" is an absolute necessity; but Krishnaji tells us to avoid the dangers. "I still maintain that all ceremonies are unnecessary for spiritual growth."

Give a child the World-Teacher's dynamic message: "You leave an imprint on the world as you give to the world instead of receiving, as you build instead of destroying, as you protect instead of killing," and you have given him more than ritual, more than creeds or forms. I would emphasize the last clause. It is almost two thousand years since the Man of Galilee said, "Thou shalt not kill," but today very few children of Christian parents are taught that it is wrong to kill animals for food or for sport. The popular teaching of religion today does not go far enough—its exponents are not sufficiently thoughtful—the teaching needs amplifying, yet simplifying. "Thou shalt not kill." "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

The famous clergyman declares: "Re-

ligion is imitated rather than learned. . . . Training a child religiously, is something much deeper than making him read the Bible, memorize the catechism, go to church, or say that he believes the creed. He may do all these and still have no vital idea of what religion really is, for a child does not get a living religion save as he sees it lived and so contagiously absorbs its spirit and attitude.

"Take, for example, Jesus's doctrine, the sacredness of the personality. I do not see how anyone who knows the gospels can doubt that this is a dominant and controlling idea. To him all personality is sacred; and whether in man, woman, or child, king, slave, saint, or sinner, it is never to be scorned or wronged, but always helped. Everything most original and distinctive in Jesus's life and message radiates from this center. His service of individuals as though they were supremely important, his faith in the possibilities of people whom others had given up, his teaching of magnanimity toward those who wrong us, and of willingness to help those who are ungrateful to us, his conception of God as one with whom filial personal relations are possible—all that is most characteristic of him springs from and illustrates this masterful idea that controlled his ministry.

"Nevertheless, so far as teaching a child religion is concerned, thus to orient Jesus's teaching around one idea, arranging the matter logically and setting it out as a lesson to be learned, is by itself a futile proceeding. What a child gets with reference to the worth of personality in all sorts of people he gets primarily from the way his parents act. They may teach him Christ's ideals unimpeachably, but what really matters is the way they deal with each other, with the servants, with their friends and their enemies, and with folk of other social classes and other races. A family that calls itself Christian but in which the parents are rancorous and retaliatory when they are wronged, or treat their servants as machines rather than human beings, or hold prejudices against other folk of other colors and other races, is thoroughly incapable of teaching a child anything true about Jesus.

"The corollary also holds good that a family that may not call itself religious



at all may yet so live above the common caste lines that divide men, counting all personality sacred regardless of race or station, that children coming from that home will be far more 'Christian,' in the deep sense of sharing Christ's spirit, than their playmates who recite the creed, say their prayers, and profess to believe the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

"The more one watches so-called religious families live, both in spoken word and daily practice, the clearer it is that something much more radical than conventional methods of religious education is needed to give us high-minded children."

Fosdick strikes a challenging note when he says, "When parents say that they are not teaching religion to their children, they are deceiving themselves. They cannot help teaching religion. Religion is at least the sum total of a life's reaction to the universe."

I have been revolving this last sentence in my mind: Religion is at least the sum total of a life's reaction to the universe. I, personally, have never felt that I could define religion. I have never found a definition that satisfied me. I have often asked myself, "What is religion?" I live, I feel, I love, I act. Is my reaction to life my religion?

Krishnamurti's words: "We are as fish caught in the evil net of transient things. But if you yourself are the fisherman, if you yourself are the fish, and if you yourself are the net and the water, then the world of sorrow—the world that creates sorrow, pain, and fleeting pleasures—ceases to be, because you have that which is Eternal" have helped me to the visioning of Liberation. And if now I had not the World-Teacher's interpretation of Truth I should be beggared indeed. For Truth is the harmonious understanding of Life—and something deep within me cries, "The simple union is best."

Harry Emerson Fosdick, noble man that he is, is concerned with religion—sincerely and whole-heartedly he is seeking to give us a religion that shall satisfy; Krishnaji is concerned with giving us Life; he is concerned with giving us an

Eternal Companion—in making every one of us realize that the Beloved is not something outside ourselves, something far away—but that "He is wherever there is a clean heart, wherever there is a pure mind, and wherever there have been countless disappointments, innumerable sorrows and troubles, and immense joy."

A child should grow and expand like a flower, unconsciously opening its fresh, clean petals to the sun; its soul is such a tender, exquisite thing: the touch of admonitory fingers should be very gentle, not to bruise the sensitive plant. The force of the example set by the parents is tremendous; as for words—even the effect of such simple homely phraseology as the following cannot be estimated: "Be a good girl, Mamie." I know; for I have carried that gentle admonition in my heart many years. Mamie loved, therefore she desired to emulate the Beloved. After all, it is love—on the lips and in the heart—that weaves the magic spell of enchantment round a life; it is the torch that lights the way to the Kingdom of Happiness. And I am certain that when at last the gates swing open many a candidate will find it is Mother who stands waiting, just inside.

A child is essentially a mystic; children are interested in the hidden side of things as the flower of their early years unfolds. Tell them of the Eternal Companion, join with them in the quest of the Beloved; tell them of the Pool of Wisdom, and the Kingdom of Happiness—which lies not far off in some distant country, but within; tell them they must have "tremendous affection, which is but a stepping-stone into that Kingdom of divine love where we are ourselves love." But first of all tell them of the World-Teacher, who has said:

"Because I really love, I want you to love. Because I really feel, I want you to feel. Because I hold everything dear, I want you to hold all things dear.

Because I want to protect, you should protect.

And this is the only life worth living, and the only Happiness worth possessing."





## *Reincarnation*

By R. F. Goudey

Review by Marie Barnard

If a hectic immersion in the experiences and emotions of life is one of the marked characteristics of the present age—especially in the case of adolescents—it is nevertheless true that there is an undercurrent of mental interest in some of the deeper problems that have always perplexed mankind. Somehow, despite the excitements of a “jazz age,” and the complex details of living, many people will occasionally think of immortality, of the possibility of survival after bodily death, and even of the reasonableness of a recurrent life on earth for the same soul.

Such serious thinkers would be delighted with Mr. Goudey's new book on *Reincarnation*. Mr. Goudey is a man with a scientific education, and his subject is handled with due respect to that phase of the problem. For example, the titles of some of the chapters show how he has endeavored to lead the mind step by step, logically and reasonably to a conclusion based on convincing data and examples:

What in Man Reincarnates; the Physics of Reincarnation; The Laws of Reincarnation; Scientific Considerations; The Logic of Reincarnation; Reincarnation, A World-wide Idea; Examples of Reincarnation, etc.

As the author says: “A great deal of confusion and misunderstanding exists in the use of the word reincarnation and its many supposed or ordinarily used synonyms. Also little has been said of its broader application to the kingdoms of Nature, races, civilizations, planets, and the cosmos. . . . Obviously, reincarnation must have a deeper significance than is realized at first glance. While the greater portion of this book is devoted to the doctrine as applied to man, it is well to investigate its application to other phases of life. It then looms up as a fundamental underlying law of all life. In short, reincarnation, as ordinarily understood, is

the operative law for the Great Plan in action through evolution.

“The question arises, just how does reincarnation in man operate? How is experience in the lower worlds made available to the real inner man? Man's progress, like that of Nature, is cyclic, and his life is but a series of minor and major overlapping cycles in which rest, activity, and change follow in strictest regularity. Expressed more concretely, the soul digests or reduces all earthly experience, stored through the attached permanent atoms, in its rest period, and builds up potential character, capacity, and power to be utilized in subsequent periods of activity. Progress is the result of hard continued labor through steady and persistent effort. . . .

“Variety of experience, so essential to progress, is obtainable only through reincarnation. The masculine body with its virility offers many lessons which cannot be gained through the feminine body, and *vice-versa*. The father has an entirely different outlook from the mother, and the same with brother and sister, irrespective of their differing sex. Reincarnation alone can give all these varying viewpoints to the soul, because, through a series of lives, being born in all the different family relationships, appearing in succeeding races and sub-races, passing through all the social positions from poverty to nobility, leading lives of destruction followed by others of usefulness, the soul is able to drink the dregs of life as well as its cream. In such a way is it possible for all experience to be gained which will enable the soul to say that it has ‘lived’ all and become perfect.

“The soul, after the discipline and training of each life, withdraws to the intermediate world for purification of all its baser emotions and then enters the heaven world to review its acts and assimilate the experiences of its best years.



From all the reactions of pleasures, pains, accomplishments, defeats, successes, failures, attitude to life, neglect of duty, etc., the good is separated from the dross. The sum total of the good is converted permanently into character, faculty, power, and capacity which is retained by the soul for all time.

"It is through reincarnation that experience leads to wisdom, pain to conscience, action to either good or bad environment, desires to capacities, and thoughts to character, all of which are instruments by which evolution of the individual is possible. Capacity gained in one life brings reward in the next. Suffering bravely endured leads to patience and fortitude. Feelings of vindictiveness induce murder. Hardships mastered in one life develop mature strength in a succeeding one. Likewise the reverse is true."

Mr. Goudey points out convincingly the logic of reincarnation, in several sub-chapters: Reincarnation is logical because it justly explains life as we find it, because it gives the time required in which to reach perfection; because it gives the only sound basis of immortality; because it gives a reasonable explanation to otherwise inexplicable phenomena, such as sudden friendship, recognition of new locations, strange actions of children, soul age, and genius; because it is morally helpful.

The author gives some authentic cases of genius that can only be explained by reincarnation:

"(1) Bishunji of Moradabad who at seven years lectured on abstruse Yogi philosophy and extremely metaphysical subjects; (2) Zerah Colburn who as a very young child, and without training, recited multiplication tables from memory; (3) Professor Safford who at ten years of age, and in one minute, could multiply figures having an answer in thirty-six digits; (4) Archbishop Whately who from five to nine years of age possessed a similar calculating ability; (5) a most remarkable case reported by Mr. Meyers in the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society of Feb., 1892, namely, one Vito Mangiarnale, born in a shepherd's family in Sicily, in 1837, who when ten years of age, went to Paris, and in an oral test extracted the cube root of 3,796,416 as 156 in thirty seconds, that number having been chosen at random."

Very interesting stories are given of memories of past lives recalled by children and adults:

"Frequently children, on learning to talk, speak words or start conversation in foreign languages never heard in this life. Certainly such precociousness as this, which is quite common, can be accounted

for only by reincarnation. Occasionally little children start to tell their parents of past lives but gradually lose this faculty as they mature because of the hardened and unappreciative attitude of their parents or through a loss of contact with the inner spheres of records. Some children, born shortly after the World War, have memories reawakened in them by seeing some association, and give evidence of knowing the war territory and conditions without any previous association in the present short few years of life. There is a little boy known to the author, who became very much excited at first seeing the windmill houses of the Van de Camp's Bakery Shops in Los Angeles, and talked, with his very limited vocabulary, of digging trenches. Upon his first sight and hearing of aeroplanes he went through all the antics of shooting and bombing, and he had never played with older boys, nor seen such actions in his present life. Later, he told of flying in a plane, being shot, falling, and knowing nothing more. Such actions have no antecedents in this short life of his and are accountable only by the theory of reincarnation.

"A very interesting case is that of a man who lost his own child while living on one of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and as he walked through the streets of New Orleans seven years later he was confronted by a little girl, three years old, who dashed from her parents and said to this man: 'You were my daddy in my last life.' This feeling of recognition was mutual.

"Another child, on being taken to the British Museum and seeing an ancient work of art, exclaimed in earnestness: 'Oh, that's my picture. I did that.' Many instances, all extremely entertaining, can be quoted showing a general and genuine spontaneity in children bringing back ideas and events from their past, all to the chagrin of their usually ignorant parents and in no way sponsored nor encouraged by them."

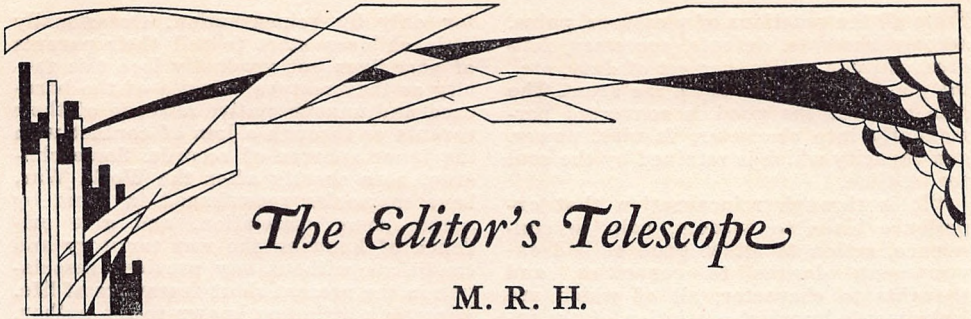
Mr. Goudey's chapter on the ethical value of reincarnation is exceedingly good, and should be carefully studied by those interested in the more philosophical phase of the subject. Among other things of value the author says:

"The supreme test of the soundness and truth of any doctrine is its utility and practicability when applied to every phase of existence."

Mr. Goudey also cites many other exceedingly interesting quotations from other scriptures, writers, poets, plays, etc., and with them closes his valuable contribution to the subject.

His book is published by the Aloha Press, Los Angeles.





## *The Editor's Telescope*

M. R. H.

### THE OJAI STAR CAMP

As this number is issued the International Star Camp will be in full swing at Ojai, California. Krishnamurti, its guiding genius and founder, has come all the way from India to preside over its meetings, if preside is the proper word for one whose function is to inspire, but not to impose any special dictum. Almost every country in the world will be represented at this session of the Camp.

During part of April and May, Krishnamurti has devoted Saturdays and Sundays to answering questions of the very wide range of subjects in which his hearers are interested, and elsewhere in this issue will be found some of his views, given on these occasions. We are hoping that all of them will eventually be published. He has also given "talks" on his ideals of right living. These meetings have been open to the public, and sometimes as many as twelve hundred people have attended them. They were held in the famous Oak Grove, and when one remembers that this is in a secluded spot, far from a main highway, somewhat difficult to find, over 80 miles from Los Angeles, and reachable comfortably only by motor, is it not a splendid tribute to the growing influence of Krishnamurti that so many people did not mind the journeying necessary to hear him there?

The Star Encampment this year, for the first time, is open to the general public, and the arrangements have ensured its being, as before, the radiating center of a genuine spiritual regenerative force for all who attend, especially if they maintain an attitude of serious endeavor to unify themselves with that natural fount of Life, Truth, and Happiness of which Krishnamurti is a proof and symbol.

The huge faggot-fire which he ignites each evening on the topmost knoll of Starland will, as before, be a picturesque prelude to those quiet talks at the Camp, which always thrill their hearers, and inspire them to happier and more useful lives. The picture in this issue of the magazine gives only a faint idea of the beauty of the scene.

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### KRISHNAMURTI'S MESSAGE IN SOUTH AMERICA

At a lecture in Buenos Aires Mr. C. Jinarajadasa made the following interesting statements:

Who is Krishnamurti? A young Hindu whose name is becoming familiar to the people of every land, because some of his admirers declare he is a great World-Teacher. He is thirty-two years old, strikingly handsome, vibrant in his personality; and already crowds in India, America, England, Holland, France go to hear him. He dresses well, like ordinary people, and does not appear the orthodox saint. He is a good tennis-player, more than an amateur at golf, and an expert motorist.

Yet, though he is like so many other young men, he is preaching revolutionary ideas about religion. Once, when he was a boy, his reputation as a "World-Teacher" was created for him by Dr. Annie Besant and other Theosophists. But now that he lectures, writes poems, talks to vast audiences (last May fifteen thousand heard him in the Hollywood Bowl amphitheatre at Los Angeles) people can judge for themselves what is his message.

First of all, Krishnamurti warns all against following any authority except that which comes from within a man's heart and mind. Churches, priests, religious ceremonies are all crutches; he who wants to go fast to Salvation or Liberation must work out the problem for himself and by himself. The solution begins by gaining a vision of the Goal, as Krishnamurti terms it. It is a state of utter



perfection and happiness, which he claims he has reached, and which he asserts every man can reach. There is for all men a Kingdom of Happiness, but this kingdom is within us, and not without. Even the poorest man can come to the kingdom, if he will do two things: first, make his life utterly simple by not wanting a large number of external things to make him happy, and secondly, if he will make himself perfectly refined. Refinement is not a matter of grammar and phrases, but of the heart, and is possible for all.

When a man gains a direct vision by himself of this Goal, then he learns to accept life just as it is. He will not accept only one part of life called "pleasant"; as he accepts happiness, so will he also accept misery, just as life sends both to him. For all life has a meaning, which is to bring man to the goal of liberation.

Another striking thought is that "the individual problem is the world-problem." Krishnamurti warns us that we are going the wrong way about to make a perfect world. We are creating hundreds of philanthropic societies, but we forget to work at our personal character. There will be no need of peace societies or a League of Nations to abolish war, when there is peace in the heart of every man. War will be impossible, when men look within themselves for the kingdom of happiness.

Krishnamurti radiates power, and all who hear him feel that undoubtedly he has a powerful message. He does not use the symbols and phrases of the religions of the world today. He creates his own thought images and phrases. This is one remarkable phenomenon about him, that he follows no tradition. He is full of challenge, and asks us why we believe this or the other. He points out to us that we want to be comfortable, and that is why we will not examine our beliefs. But the only way to be happy, says Krishnamurti, is to go deep into ourselves, and there ask questions and there alone find the answer.—The Buenos Aires Herald.

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### THERE ARE NO BAD BOYS

An interesting article appeared some time ago in the "Physical Culture Magazine." We give below its substance, published in "Young India":

Fourteen years ago, a Mr. F. Starr founded his "Starr Commonwealth," near Albion, Michigan, for the building of men out of boy material. During the first few years of its existence, the institution could accommodate only from 6 to a dozen boys. Now the enrollment is about 60. During the last twelve years, nearly 300 boys, "whom nobody wanted," have

been under Mr. Starr's care. There has not been a single failure nor a single death among all these lads.

When a mere boy, Mr. Starr heard a neighbor and his wife tell of adopting several orphans or delinquent children, whom others had given up as hopeless, but whom they developed into upright young men and women merely by changing their environment. From that time forward, this became his dream. With a small patrimony, he purchased forty acres of land, and started to work on it with three boys and a small building. The Michigan courts soon saw the useful work he was doing and turned over delinquents to him. His sources were taxed to the utmost and he found himself under a debt of \$1000. One day, he had just \$3.46 in his pocket. He made out a list of fifteen people in Albion whom he decided to ask for \$100 each. If five of them refused, he would still have his \$1000, he thought. But perhaps more than five would refuse—maybe all of them.

Just before he started to town, his daily mail came, and he went through it. From one of the envelopes dropped a check for \$1000. The donor, Mrs. Lily G. Newton, said that she had read of Mr. Starr's work, and if he would locate his plant near Philadelphia, she would give it every dollar she could afford. Mr. Starr wrote by saying that it was impossible for him to do so, but that if she would give \$2000 unconditionally, he would call the building after her. Mrs. Newton read this letter when she was on her death-bed, and with her feeble fingers wrote the desired check, almost the last act of her life. Thus Newton Hall is named after one who neither saw the Commonwealth nor met Mr. Starr.

Bit by bit more funds were gathered, the institution's needs always keeping just a little ahead of its capital. Another philanthropic woman built a cottage, and several counties in Michigan made appropriations for the aid of the Commonwealth, and Mrs. Emily Jewell Clark of Grand Rapids donated a \$30,000 school building. Today, lands and buildings and equipments are estimated to be worth more than \$150,000.

Mr. Starr makes it clear that he is not running a hospital or an institution for abnormal children. Each boy he accepts must pass the Binet mental test, and the parent must agree to commit the boy to the Commonwealth for at least a year. The buildings are flooded with light, and air—in fact, the dormitories are practically all windows. The boys get their sleep, and plenty of it, in immaculate single beds with no pillows. The younger boys turn in at 8, and no boys later than 9:30



P. M. At 6 A. M. comes the rising call, the bed covers are turned back for airing and the boys rush off to the cold showers. Breakfast is at 6:30, and then every one makes up his own bed. A certain number of boys each day have special duties, such as washing dishes and dusting, while the rest go out to play until 8, when the bell calls for studies. Later, there is work in the garden, more play, and some studies in the afternoon. The greater part of the 40 acre farm is under cultivation, and the boys grow almost everything they eat, including twenty or more varieties of vegetables every year, and several fruits. What they do not eat fresh, is canned by the cooks for use during the winter.

The Starr is a Vegetarian Commonwealth. When Mr. Starr first launched the Commonwealth, the menu was meatless. But there was criticism by outsiders, and there were charges that the boys were being half starved, and Mr. Starr was induced to admit meat to the table occasionally. He did this for a short time. Then he determined to be true to his convictions and banished meat altogether. He asserts that eating meat has such an influence upon conduct that it seems vitally necessary for him to eliminate it in his work with the delinquent boy. "The sex problem," he says, "is present in practically all juvenile crime. I meet it or prevent its rising by means of work and diet. Meat is a stimulant and excites the passions of every kind. I have tried both meat and non-meat diets, and I have fully made up my mind that no meat shall enter here as long as I am in charge. If I started regular meat diet here again, my problems of behavior would begin within a week. Almost all the boys who come to us have been started in life on a diet of meat. Many who have come from sordid environments, full of brawling and unhappiness, are helped immediately by the change to our cooling, tranquilizing vegetable diet. Let me mention also what may or may not be a coincidence. Two students of the Commonwealth, who came from vegetarian families and have never tasted meat, passed their intelligence tests with the highest percentage of any pupil in the school. . . . We have thrown all other stimulants off our farm too, tea and coffee first of all, and later pepper, mustard, catsup, and other condiments. We even use less salt than most persons. Our mainstays are fruits and vegetables, milk and whole wheat bread. In winter we have plenty of fruits and vegetables, and we are also strong for the dried fruits—prunes, raisins, dates, figs, and apricots. Bananas are bought by the bunch and served only when dead ripe. Honey is

a popular article of diet. As for drinks, we have buttermilk, health cocoa, malted milk, and other nourishing preparations."

The health record of the Commonwealth is splendid. The farm has never been touched by an epidemic, such as small-pox, measles, scarlet fever or whooping cough. None of the boys has been vaccinated.

Amidst thousands of testimonials which Starr has received, one of the most beautiful and highly treasured came from Dr. R. Tagore. In a letter to Mr. Starr after a visit he said, "Amidst a desert of unprofitable days, my visit to your place has been to me like some oasis with its spring of the water of life. Other things of bigger dimensions will be forgotten, but the memory of your little school will remain a part of my life to the end, because I had a touch of truth there, and I came away richer for having visited the place."

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#### PRESIDENT HOOVER AND CHILDREN

With the accession of Herbert Hoover to the Presidency of the United States we are reminded of his deep sense of justice toward children as shown in his child's bill of rights, prepared by him several years ago. The bill reads as follows:

"The ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America:

That has not been born under proper conditions;

That does not live in hygienic surroundings;

That ever suffers from undernourishment;

That does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection;

That does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health;

That has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body;

That has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within which is the final endowment of every human being."

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#### BIRDS AND HEROISM

Mr. Edward H. Forbush, a Massachusetts State ornithologist, made some very instructive statements in an article prepared for the Associated Press. They were about birds and wild life. The following are among the most interesting:

"A good friend of mine, walking one day in the woods, came suddenly upon a woodcock and her young. The old bird ran to a young one, grasped it between her legs and flew away with it across a stream near by. My friend wrote to me, asking if I had ever heard of such a thing. This habit of the woodcock has been ob-



served many times. So far as we know, this expedient seems to be confined chiefly to some water birds and birds of prey.

"Two young men went to the woods to get some owlets from a nest of the great horned owl. Having secured the young birds and brought them to the ground, they heard the parents hooting and one of the boys took his gun and started in pursuit. The hooting receded as he advanced. Soon the fellow who had been left behind was much surprised to see an owl swoop swiftly to the ground and bear off a young one in her claws.

"A young sparrow hawk fell from a nest on a building in Holyoke, Mass. The mother bird seeing its plight came to the rescue, snatched the youngster up in her talons, and carried it up to the roof of the building.

"Some of the wild ducks build their nests in the hollow limbs of trunks of tall trees. The wild goose sometimes uses an old nest of a hawk for her own domicile. How can she get the young down safely? Regarding this I have no evidence, but in respect to the way in which the wood duck gets her young from her nest in a hollow tree to the water I have much testimony.

"Apparently in most cases the mother bird calls her young from the ground or from the water, if it is near, and they climb out of the nest hole and tumble to the ground or the water below, spreading their little wings and feet to break the fall. So light and soft are they that they are seldom injured.

"In many cases, however, when the nest has been situated far from the water, the mother bird has been seen to carry the young birds to it, flying with them either in her bill or on her back, and making frequent journeys until all are safely floating on their natural element.

"Some of the ducks, loons, and grebes often carry their young on their backs while swimming. Occasionally someone has seen one of the smaller grebes or divers floating with two tiny young ones tucked away under the feathers of her shoulders, warm and safe, with their little heads sticking out and their shining eyes regarding the wide, wide world."

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#### ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

For some time there has been going on a sort of "whispering campaign" against the use of aluminum cooking utensils. It grew eventually to take on a louder tone, and finally scientists began to investigate and to make a careful survey of all the claims in the case.

The results are given by the American

Medical Association, the United States Government, Public Health Association, the London (England) Medical Association, and many individual scientists. They all agree that aluminum cooking utensils are perfectly safe vessels in which to prepare food.

Dr. Geo. W. McCoy, Chief of the Hygienic Laboratory of the United States Public Health Service, gives as his opinion, after long scientific experiment, that there is no evidence whatever to support the claim that aluminum cooking utensils are injurious to food or health. They are safe and desirable utensils.

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#### MOTHERS AND PEACE

Lady Astor, British Member of Parliament, recently made the following significant statements about peace. They were reported by the United Press. She explained some of her contentions regarding international relations, including the following:

1. That international discord would be considerably reduced if men were judged more by the quality of their thoughts than by their nationality.

2. That Anglo-American relations of a friendly nature are essential to the future peace of the world.

"If instead of allowing their children to 'play soldiers,' mothers and teachers would teach them St. Paul's saying: 'God made of one blood all nations,' they would be helping the nations of the world to get together." In that manner, she explained, the world's mothers have in their power to a large extent the future trend of peace.

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#### MEDITATION CHAPELS

Last week it was a hotel manager—John McEntee Bowman, president of the Bowman Biltmore Hotels Corporation—who took the initiative in a new effort.

On the third floor of the Hotel Biltmore in New York a "Meditation Chapel" was opened, for guests and employees alike. It contained benches and a small altar, on which flowers will be kept fresh every day. Over the altar was the inscription, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." (Matthew: 11-28).

Similar "meditation chapels" will be installed as soon as practicable in all other hotels operated by the corporation. Said Mr. Bowman: "The presence of one spot in the hotel, dissociated from the worldly things of life and dedicated to the God we profess to serve, is now recognized as a spiritual necessity."—Time.



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